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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1908.

SIXPENCE.

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A KING OF SWEDEN IN THE GUILDHALL FOR THE FIRST TIME: THE LORD MAYOR DRINKING THE HEALTH OF KING GUSTAV.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.

The dejeuner at the Guildhall on Wednesday last was the more memorable in that it marked the first official visit of a King of Sweden to the City of London. Before the luncheon, an address of welcome, in a fine gold casket, was handed to the King. Amongst those present on the occasion were the Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Arthur of Connaught. King Gustav wore the uniform of a British Admiral and the ribbon of the Garter. From left to right, the chief figures are the King of Sweden, the Lord Mayor, the Queen of Sweden, and the Prince of Wales.

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PARLIAMENT.

SOMETIMES the polite Peers use blunt language in Some times the polite Peers use blunt language in criticism of one another. In a recent trawling controversy, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, who had been offended by Lord Heneage's comments on the Scottish Office, remarked that they "might pass for wit at Grimsby, or perhaps at Billingsgate." The same sentiment would have been expressed euphemistically in the House of Commons, where the Speaker is held in dread; but even a Peer could not have spoken with more freedom and briskness than Mr. Thomas Lough in denunciation of the proposal of the Port of London Bill to purchase the undertakings Thomas Lough in denunciation of the proposal of the Port of London Bill to purchase the undertakings of the Dock Companies for twenty-two millions. Exmembers of a Government seldom take too-lenient a view of the errors of their former colleagues, and Mr. Lough proved a very candid friend. His comrade in many a Liberal battle, Sir Hudson Kearley, who so ably acts as Parliamentary Secretary to the Board of Trade, was equally unsparing in his reply. The purchase clause was carried by an overwhelming majority, and the Bill. non-contentious in a party sense, was successfully clause was equally unsparing in his reply. The purchase clause was carried by an overwhelming majority, and the Bill, non-contentious in a party sense, was successfully piloted by Mr. Churchill, with the advice of his predecessor, Mr. Lloyd George, who is so much occupied in searching for "hen-roosts to rob" that he spends little time on the Treasury Bench. Biographies and autobiographies figured in the debate on the Sunday in-and-out clause which the Government proposed to add to the Licensing Bill. Sir Samuel Evans shocked devout Conservatives like Mr. G. D. Faber by describing himself ordering bacon and eggs for breakfast at a village alehouse on Sunday forenoon when he should have gone fasting to church; but Mr. Faber, in turn, showed how under the clause he might remain at the bar of a London restaurant eating and drinking from noon till eleven at night on Sunday, and Mr. Evelyn Cecil, in a similarly sarcastic vein, wanted to know if the glass of milk and a bun which he had had for lunch constituted a meal. The clause was only passed in order that it might be amended elsewhere. But the Commons in parting with the Bill wonder if it will get even a second reading from the Lords.

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By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I is not often that we have the picture of a people, and when we do it is generally so perfect that we do not believe in the people, even if we admire the picture. Most descriptions of other nations are so simple and sweeping that they cannot be true. If a traveller says—"The Swedes have convinced me that they are all truthful," it is not difficult to make the deduction that some of the Swedes must be pretty stiff liars. Distrust the description of every nation when it can be easily described. If a people can really be covered by an adjective, you may be certain that it is the wrong adjective. Each of the nations that you and I are likely to know well has in herself a contradiction which is quite coherent in practice, but

which centuries of controversy could hardly reconcile in theory. Thus, for instance, the English (the people whom many of us must have met) have in their political condition a very queer paradox indeed. The English are patiently law-abiding; only there is no law for them to abide by. No other nation could understand as we do the enormous contradiction of our country, with its dignified obedience and its outrageous decrees. With us it is the ordinary people who are grave and dignified; it is the judges who are wild and fantastic. But the case is the same with any other country that we know well. Thus, of all peoples, the French are the most stingy in spending their money and the most profligate in spending their blood. Thus, the Irish have a much more fiery enthusiasm than we, and yet have a much colder chastity. Thus, the Scotch are much more Puritanicaland much less pure.

But of all peoples that have puzzled me in this sense, the most striking case is that of the Russian. In most English novels, Russia is so simple that it is simply impossible. Russia is all in shades of grey, from the stern tyrant to the sad serf. But this is elementary nonsense; this is impossible; nations are not monochrome. There was never any society in which the slave did not steal some glory, if it were only the glory of being grotesque. Even the black slaves of America have been able to start a tradition which is rich in strong colour and caricature. At New Orleans there were niggers who were slaves; but at Margate there are still free white men who pretend to be niggers. Every system, even when it is unjust, has some balance of benevolent nonsense to balance its wicked wisdom. There Therefore I have long darkly declined to believe in the popular picture of Russian life as rendered for the Eng-

lish. So great a part of humanity cannot all be so gloomy; even if the Russian peasants are as much oppressed, they cannot be so much depressed as all that. And the other day I picked up a book which for the first time made the Russian people leap up alive in front of me: I mean, Mr. Maurice Baring's "Russian Sketches and Travels." Mr. Baring does not profess to be political. As far as he is concerned, the Russians may be abominably oppressed. So are the people in Battersea abominably oppressed; but that does not prevent them from being funny or well worth writing a book about. Mr. Baring has been the first to strike the note of the gaiety of Russia; and it is all the more effective because he does it, not romantically but realistically. He simply describes what the plain Russian people do; and it soon becomes apparent that the things they do most

commonly are to laugh and sing like other ordinary sinners in this vale of tears. Our Manchester and London world has lost romance so completely that perhaps romance can only be brought back by realism. Perhaps before we discuss whether there are such things as fairies it may be necessary to assert solemnly that there are such things as farmers.

But the trouble with all English estimates of foreign countries is a very curious trouble. Generally, we are not right enough even to be wrong. I mean that we cannot even get on to the wrong side of the question in France, Germany, or Italy, because we do not really see the question at all. For instance, a number of

see the question at all. For instance, a number of Jabez Balfor

THE NEW CONSTABLE OF CARNARVON CASTLE: MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Mr. Lloyd George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who was recently appointed Constable of Carnarvon Castle, had an amusing experience on his first official visit last week. His arrival was unexpected, and when he knocked at the door the caretaker, not recognising him, demanded the usual fourpence for admission. Laughingly introducing himself, Mr. Lloyd George shook hands with her, and made a tour of inspection of the ancient building.

really notable and responsible Frenchmen believed that Dreyfus was innocent; the men who govern England certainly took that view, and the men who govern France seem by this time to have accepted it. But turn back merely for a moment and open one of the books which were widely popular in England in the hour of the Dreyfus affair. I opened one of them idly a little while ago. My eye fell upon a furious tirade about the splendid men supporting Dreyfus and the abject men opposing him; and I say, without any sort of doubt or qualification, that the whole of that tirade would have seemed as nonsensical to a French friend of Dreysus as to one of his French enemies. The passage in this quite solid and celebrated book ran somewhat thus: "We need not compare lovers of truth like Zola, Picquart, Reinach, Jaurés, Gohier, with such obscene creatures as Cavaignac, Du Paty

de Clam, Mercier, Jules Lemaître, Colonel Henry, Déroulède, and Major Esterhazy." I do not think that this is at all unfair to the list. To a Frenchman it would simply sound like raving gibberish.

The Frenchman on the side of Dreyfus would find the list just as bewildering as the Frenchman against Dreyfus. He would feel about it very much as I should feel if, being a Home Ruler (as I am), I were to find in a French paper some such Home Rule sentiments as these: "Figure to yourselves, Messieurs, that of the one side there were men of State, of the most honest, of the most sagacious, such men as Jabez Balfour, John Morley, O'Donovan Rossa, Sir John

Barker, Thomas Hardy, Mr. Schnadhorst, Mr. Labouchere, James McNeill Whistler, and the Phœnix Park murderers; and that of the other side there are miscreants and canaule, such as Professor Dicey, Mr. Harry Marks, Mr. George Wyndham, William White-ley, Queen Victoria, the poet Swinburne, Sir Thomas Lipton and the infamous. Archbishop Benson." It would make no sort of difference on which side of the Home Rule argument the Englishman happened to be. From neither point of view, from no point of view, could he make head or tail of such a list of names. Yet that list is far less absurd than the corresponding French list that I have quoted; there is no juxtaposition in it that is quite so insane as the association of Reinach with Picquart or Du Paty with Déroulède. And this list is by no means a bad example of the ordinary English method in dealing with the phenomena of foreign politics.

Now, the question is: How far can' this kind of monstrous error be avoided? It can only be avoided by one of two things, either by close study of a foreign literature and constant travel in a foreign country (which are things difficult for many people), or else by the most general habit of writing books like Mr. Baring's. Such books would give one scrap of living experience from which all the rest could be deduced. If, let us say, a Russian writer really described the way an English politician saluted a lady on entering a room, then his readers might deduce with certainty, in spite of any rumours, that that politician had not caused any lady to be flogged at the cart-tail in public. Just in the same way if any English writer on France could convey any distant echo of the voice of Paul Déroulède at a public meeting, the English would deduce for themselves that Paul Déroulède at any rate was not a Jesuitical knave, and had no part in a paltry conspiracy to ruin a harmless private

man. So, perhaps, if more books like Mr. Baring's could be written about Russia, we might begin to see things instead of names, and to understand whatever we studied in the light of what we had realised. We might be able to do what is most difficult of all—to be able to apply epithets or descriptions in different senses or in different degrees. Terms, for instance, are sometimes extreme and positive, and sometimes almost negative, and yet true. It may be true to say of some Russian that he is a Socialist or a Conservative; and we may still want to know whether it is in the sense in which one may use "Protestant" of Mr. Balfour, or in the sense in which one only uses it of Mr. Kensit. How are we to know? I can only answer mystically: "Give me a few more good books about streets and boats and crowded carmages, and I will undertake to guess."



THE LATE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS OF RUSSIA,
Uncle of the present Tsar.

father's wish was trained as a naval officer. He became supreme head of the Russian Navy, with the title of Grand Admiral, and did much to reorganise the fleet after the Crimean War. He helped the present Tsar in the creation of the "Volunteer Fleet," and he was largely responsible for the appointment of Admiral Alexeieff, in 1903, as Viceroy in the Far East. The subsequent disasters, and especially the naval defeats, at the hands of Japan, led the Grand Duke to resign; and he was at that time one of the most unpopular men in Russia. He took up his residence in Paris, where he had lived ever since, and keenly interested himself in its

social, literary, and artistic life.

present Tsar,

and by his



THE LATE SIR HENRY BERGNE,
The Well-Known Expert on Copyright Law.

was Vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford, and it was then that he first made his mark as a successful preacher and a rising power in the Church. From 1896 to 1901 he was Vicar of Portsea, and succeeded the present Bishop of London as Bishop of Stepney in 1901. Only a short time ago he declined the Bishopric of Montreal.

Sir Henry Bergne, K.C.B., who has just died at Berlin while attending the Copyright Conference, was a man of many interests. His official career was passed at the Foreign Office, which he entered as a clerk in 1861, and from which he retired on a pension in 1902, after holding several important positions in connection with trade interests. He had made a special study of

MR. JOHN WYLDE,
The New Mayor of Southwark.

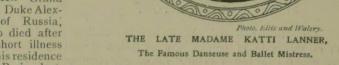
the law of copyright, and represented this country at the Berne Convention.

The new Mayor of South-

in 1864.

The new Mayorof Southwark is Mr. John Wylde, a prominent and popular citizen of that borough, well known for his interest in local affairs. No doubt his new position will win him many new friends, and will be for the benefit of Southwark.

By the death of Mme. Katti



PORTRAITS AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Lanner, who passed away last week at an advanced age, the lovers of dancing have suffered a serious loss. The years that aged her were powerless to affect her high spirits or her industry, and only a few months ago



THE LATE EMPEROR OF CHINA,

Who has just died in his Palace at Peking.

Photograph reproduced from "China in Decay," by courtesy of Messrs, Chapman and Hall.

she was giving private lessons and taking the keenest interest in matters relating to her profession. A daughter of the late Joseph Lanner, whose dance-music is still popular in Vienna, Katti Lanner started her work in days when Taglioni, Cerito, and other artists of worldwide celebrity were still before their public. She danced in most of the great Continental capitals, and became



THE LATE VICE ADMIRAL SIR H. BARRY,
Recently in Command of the Third Cruiser Squadron.

very popular. Her work in London is very well known. She went to the Empire Theatre when the theatre became a music-hall, and there she produced some of the most successful ballets associated with that famous house.

Vice-Admiral Sir H. D. Barry, who died in the Royal Naval Hospital at Chatham on Saturday, had had a distinguished naval career, his chief claim to renown being the fact that the Dread-nought was built and launched, in the record time of one year, during his tenure of the post of Admiral-Super-intendent at Ports mouth Dockyard. He entered the Navy in 1863, and rose to the

rank of Vice-Admiral four days before his death.

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THE LATE SIR RICHARD SANKEY,
Indian Mutiny Veteran.

During his career he held, among other posts, that of Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes, and supervised the important work of re-sighting the guns of the fleet. At the time of his death he was in command of the Third Cruiser Squadron.

Lieutenant-General Sir Richard H. Sankey, who died last Wednesday at the age of seventy-nine, obtained his first commission, in the Madras Engineers, in 1846. On the outbreak of the Mutiny he was commissioned as a Captain of the Calcutta Cavalry Volunteers, and took part in a number of engagements. He was recommended for the Victoria Cross for his gallant

conduct. and won various other honours. The Afghan War, which broke out in 1878, again saw him in the field. In 1883 he was made Major - General, and in 1884, on his retirement, Lieutenant General, and Chairman of the Board of Works in Ireland.

Count Wrange!, who will entertain the



COUNT WRANGEL,
The Swedish Minister in London.

King and Queen of Sweden at the Swedish Embassy, has been Swedish Minister at the Court of St. James's since 1906. Educated at the University of Upsala, he entered the Diplomatic Service in 1883, and has represented his country in Paris and St. Petersburg.

The German Emperor has lost a valuable public servant and a life-long personal friend by the sudden death on Sunday last, at Donaueschingen, of General Count von Hülsen-Haeseler. The Count, who was in his fifty-seventh year, was Chief of the Emperor's Military Cabinet, and as such possessed considerable power, for all military promotions in Germany pass through that department. He was in attendance on the Emperor,

and had just retired to his room, feeling unwell, when he fell to the floor and died in a few minutes from a heart attack.

The leader of the Young Turk Party, Ahmed Riza, is at present in London on a political mission, endeavouring to further the cause of his party. It will be interesting to see whether any new developments of the movement result from his efforts.



AHMED RIZA,

The Leader of the Young Turk Party,

Now in London.

A BOUDOIR, A LOUNGE, AND A LIBRARY IN A MOTOR-CAR.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MAX COWPER.



VERY MUCH AT THEIR EASE: LADY VISITORS TO OLYMPIA TESTING THE INGENIOUS CONTRIVANCES IN A CAR.

The resourcefulness of the fitter of motor-cars knows no end, and the interiors of the more elaborate cars are becoming more ornate and more ingenious day by day. The interior of the car here illustrated, for instance, is fitted with a shelf that can be used as a dressing-table; receptacles for a hand-mirror and other necessaries of the toilet; a writing-desk; and seats that can be converted into lounges. To form a lounge, the back of either of the front seats is pressed down until it meets the back seat.

The Cullinan Diamonds.

Rather more than a year has passed since Sir Richard Solomon, Agent-General of the Transvaal in Lon-don, and Sir Francis Hopwood, the Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies, went down to Sandringwent down to Sandring-ham to present King Edward with a birthday present from the Transvaal Government. This was the famous Cullinan Diamond, found on Jan. 25, 1905, by Mr. F. Wells, in the mines of the Premier Diamond Company.

In its rough state it weighed 3025\(^3\) English carats, its length was 4\(^1\) in., its height 2\(^1\) in., its breadth 2\(^1\) in., while its girth varied, according to position, from 8\(^3\) to 11\(^1\) in. When his Majesty had accepted the gift as a token of the loyalty and attachment

of the people of the Transvaal to

his throne and per-

son, it was decided to hand the stone over for cutting and

polishing to Messrs.

Joseph Asscher and Co., of Amster-dam and Paris, while Messrs. M. J.

Levy and Nephews

precious - stone experts, were engaged to inspect the cut-

ting. In January the diamond was taken to Amsterdam,

to Messrs. Asscher's factory in the Tol-straat. Here for nine months the

precious burden was safely kept in the firm's strong-room, of which the steel and concrete walls

are over two feet thick, while the great outer door is

fastened by a lock working with an arrangement of figures known only

to the heads of the firm. Inside the

strong - room there

is another steel door, eight inches thick with nine concealed

locks, and inside that are the steel coffers, in one of which the King's

jewel has reposed in

safety. The Cullinan

Diamond was split by Mr. Joseph Asscher on Feb. 10 last, and the two

parts weighed re-spectively 1040}

carats and 1977 carats, and left a few carats of splin-

ters. The larger of the two pieces was divided towards

the end of February,

and in March the work of grinding

and polishing began.

The result of the

work is entirely suc-

cessful, and the Cullinan Diamond

is now divided into

nine brilliants of

nearly one hundred

small ones, and a

quantity of un-polished "ends." The two large brilliants weigh 5164

carats and 30936 carats respectively;

and, although a brilliant has only

58 facets as a rule,

these have 74 and 66 respectively. To appreciate the size

of these two wonder-

ful stones, it is

size,

considerable

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

The fourth stone in order of weight is a square brilliant weighing 62 carats, the fifth, which is heart-shape, weighs 18%, the sixth and seventh are marquise brilliants weighing 11½ and 8½ respectively, the eighth is a square brilliant weighing 6½ carats, and the ninth a pendeloque weighing 4½ carats. The ninety-six brilliants that remain over weigh 7½ carats in all.

Their Majesties the King and Queen of Sweden arrived at Our Royal Visitors. Queen of Sweden arrived at Portsmouth on Monday afternoon from Cherbourg in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, escorted by four cruisers and the torpedo-boat-destroyer Welland. The royal yacht was received at Spithead by the battle-ships, cruisers, and destroyers of the Home Fleet, under the orders of the Commander-in-Chief. Their Majesties were conducted on shore by the Prince of Wales, and conveyed to Windsor by a special train. At Windsor Station they were received by King Edward, Queen Alexandra,

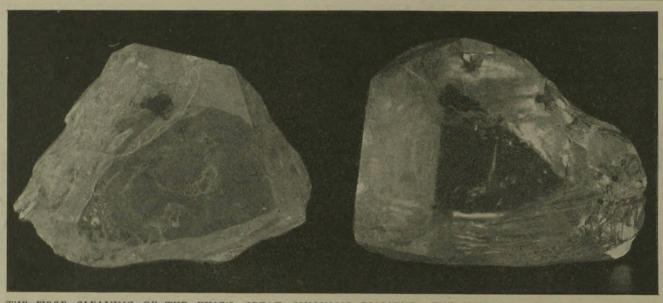
Majesties attended a concert given by the Hanley Glee and Madrigal Society in St. George's Hall. The royal programme for the week included shooting in the Windsor Forest, State banquets in St. George's Hall, a visit to the Guilda visit to the Guid-hall, and theatrical performances by Mr. Martin Harvey and com-pany and Mr. Lewis Waller and company. To-day (Satur-day) their Majesties will bring their visit to

The late Rulers

The death of the Dowager The late Rulers
of China.

Empress of China, in her seventy-fourth year, has removed one of the most remarkable figures in

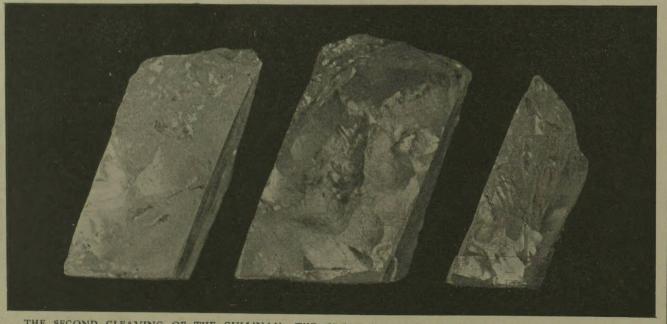
modern history. She has been compared with the Roman Empress Faustina, with Semiramis, and with Catherine de' Medici. Certain it is that in the twentieth century she pursued the political methods of a barbaric despotism. She was also a selfmade woman, and thrust herself into greatness rather than had greatness thrust upon her. When the young Emperor, in 1898, showed symptoms of asserting his authority and introducing reforms, his aunt at once nipped his efforts in the bud. Getting control of the army, she practically imprisoned her nephew in his palace, and the reformers who had aided him were promptly executed. Although probably responsible for much of the trouble connected with the Boxer movement and the Siege of the Legations, she managed to turn even that crisis to her own advantage, and was soon installed once more in Peking as the power behind the throne, a posi-tion which she retained to the end of her life. The late Emperor of China, Kwang-su, was the nominal ruler of about one-fourth of the human race, but in reality he had probably less freedom of action than anyone in his vast dominions. He owed his position to his imperious aunt, the late Dowager - Empress, Tze-Hsi, who placed him on the throne, and he remained attached to her apron - strings during the whole of his reign. Kwang-su was married in 1888 to a niece of his aunt, who selected the young lady for him, but there were no children of the marriage. During most of his reign he was merely a figure - head. He seems to have been a man of amiable disposition and enlightened ideas, but too weak in cha-



THE FIRST CLEAVING OF THE KING'S GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND: THE TWO STONES THAT WERE THE RESULT OF THE FIRST SPLITTING-WEIGHT, 10401 CARATS AND 19771 CARATS. (ACTUAL SIZE.)



THE STEEL KNIFE WITH WHICH THE GREAT CULLINAN DIAMOND WAS SPLIT. (ACTUAL SIZE.) (x) The dent caused by the blow.



THE SECOND CLEAVING OF THE CULLINAN: THE GREAT DIAMOND IN THREE PARTS. (ACTUAL SIZE.)

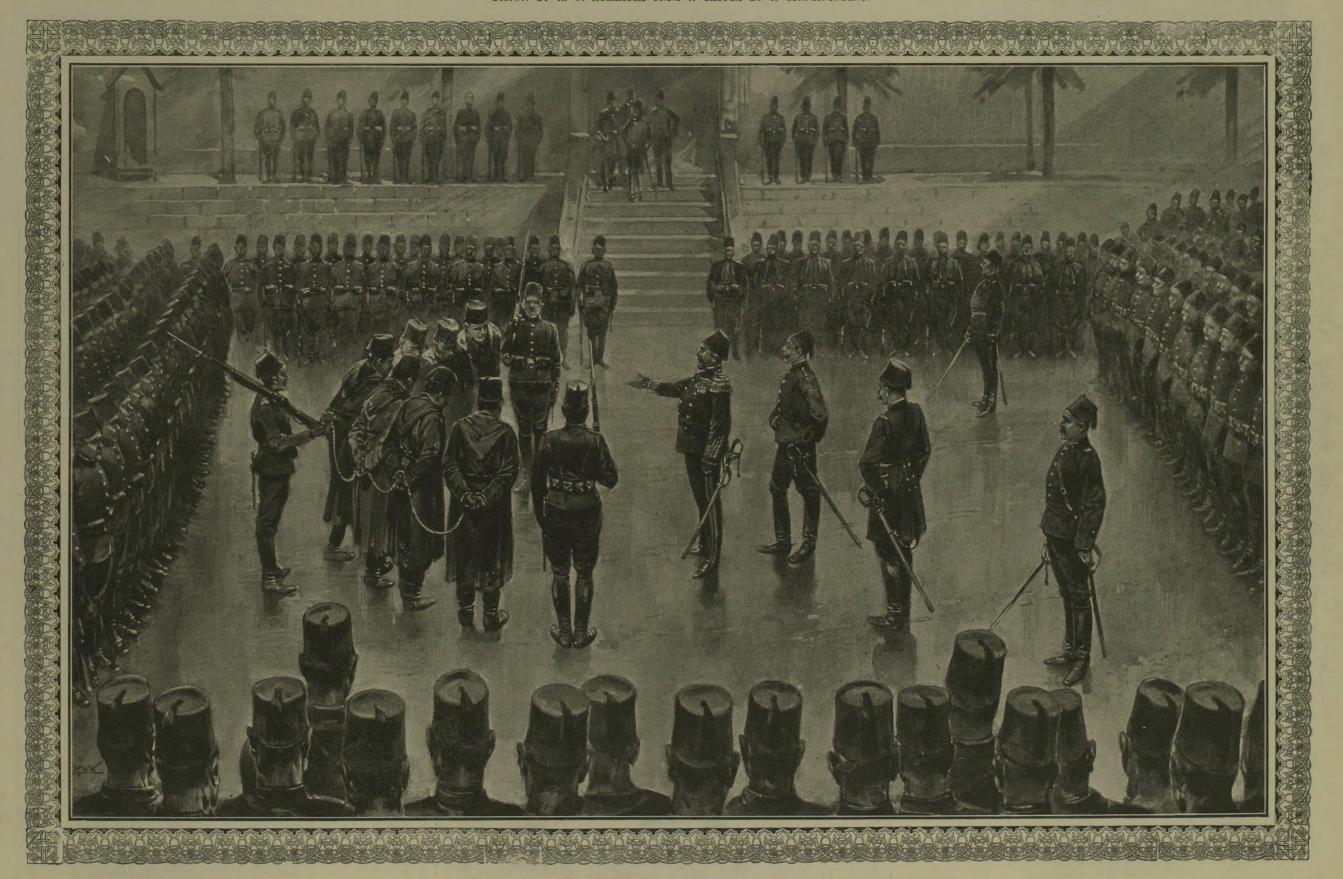
After the first cleaving, a second took place, the larger of the two pieces that resulted from the first splitting being divided. On another page of this number we show the two great cut stones which, with other stones, were made from the two larger pieces; of the three. The fate of the third piece is not yet decided. It will be noticed that the knife used for the splitting is very much like an ordinary toilet-comb in form and size. This knife was placed in an incision cut in the stone to receive it, and then struck a heavy blow with a steel rod. This is the knife by which the actual splitting was accomplished; the first knife used broke under the blow.

sufficient to remark that the famous Koh-i-Noor weighs 106 to carats, little more than the third stone of the Cullinan group, which is a pendeloque weighing 92

the Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria, and Prince Arthur of Connaught. After dining with the King and Queen in the oak dining room at Windsor, their new Emperor, Pu Yi, is five years old.

MUTINY AMONGST BLACKMAILING MEMBERS OF THE SULTAN OF TURKEY'S PRÆTORIAN GUARD.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.



REACTIONARIES WHO FIRED ON STAUNCH TROOPS: MUTINEERS PARADED IN BONDS BEFORE MAHMUD MUKHTAR PASHA.

The mutinous conduct took place at the end of last month. Writing of it, our Correspondent says: "To-day the trouble which has been smouldering in the Turkish capital came to a head. Fearing the reactionary tendencies of the Yildiz troops, the Young Turks have been drafting several regiments of staunch troops into the capital from Salonika. Yesterday it was stated in the town that the regiment in the Taksim barracks was to be sent to Jeddah. Two companies of a newly-arrived Salonika regiment were also in the barracks. This morning the time-expired men of the reactionary battalion at Taksim claimed discharge-bounties. When these

were refused them, they began to revile the Salonika men on the parade-ground, and then, calling on the name of the Sultan, fired at the new arrivals. The Salonika men replied immediately, and killed and wounded about ten of the mutineers, and disarmed the rest. The Young Turks took the matter with great calmness. Mahmud Mukhtar Pasha, chief of the Home Army Corps, came down and held a general parade at the barracks, at which the prisoners, roped together, were present, and after firmly addressing the parade, sent the prisoners to their trial by court-martial, and told the remainder that the Constitution would maintain the discipline of the army at all costs."

FROM EUROPE, ASIA, AND AMERICA.



BLACK - DRAPED WAGONS AS! FUNERAL - CARS: THE SCENE OF THE TERRIBLE MINING DISASTER IN THE RADBOD COAL - MINE.

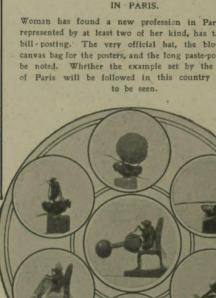
A disastrous explosion in the Radbod Colliery, at Hamm, Westphalia, occurred last week, and caused the loss of 300 men. Nearly four hundred colliers were at work at the time. It was decided to flood the burning mine, and the work of pumping water from the river Lippe into the workings was begun on Tuesday. It was estimated at the time that the pumping-out of the water would take about ten days.



NOT SUFFRAGETTES: WOMEN BILL-STICKERS IN PARIS.

Woman has found a new profession in Paris, and, represented by at least two of her kind, has taken up bill-posting. The very official hat, the blouse, the canvas bag for the posters, and the long paste-pot should be noted. Whether the example set by the women of Paris will be followed in this country remains

> FLIES THAT JUGGLERS YMNASTS: FEATS BY THE FLIES TRAINED BY MR. F. P. SMITH.



THE REGULAR AND TASTEFUL STREET - DECORATION FAVOURED BY

JAPAN: A LESSON TO LONDON.

It is evident that Japan can offer London-indeed, any of our great cities—a lesson in the art of street-decoration. The old-fashioned, unsymmetrical method too often adopted in this country is anathema in Japan. The photograph illustrates our point. In it is shown a street in Yokohama, decorated in honour of the visit of the United States Fleet. It will be seen that the Stars and Stripes are included in the decoration of the arch.



THE FIRST VISIT OF THE KING OF SWEDEN SINCE HIS ACCESSION: HIS MAJESTY SALUTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT PORTSMOUTH.

King Gustav and the Queen of Sweden were met at Portsmouth by the Prince of Wales, and escorted ashore by him. When the King landed he received an Address from the Mayor and Corporation of Portsmouth, and inspected the Guard of Honour. Meantime the Queen had left the royal yacht, and had entered the special train, from which she watched the inspection.



THE PRESIDENT-ELECT OF THE UNITED STATES VOTING AT

THE ELECTION WHICH MADE HIM PRESIDENT: MR. W. H. TAFT

RECORDING HIS VOTE.

The candidates for the American Presidency are allowed to record their own

votes at the election of the representatives who eventually elect one of

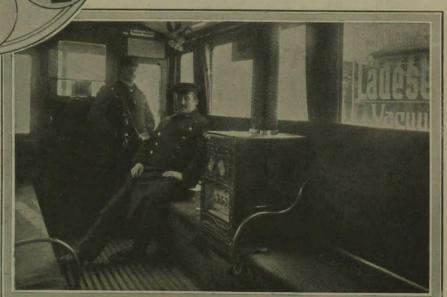
them. Mr. Taft heard the news of his election in his magnificent villa at

Cincinnati, and heard of it from Mrs. Nicholas Longworth, President

Roosevelt's daughter.

THE AMERICAN "ICE KING" WHO HAS BEEN SENTENCED TO FIFTEEN YEARS' IMPRISONMENT : MR. CHARLES MORSE.

Mr. Charles Morse, here shown, in handcuffs, on his way to the Tombs Prison, was vice-president of the National Bank of North America, and the "Ice King." He was sentenced the other day to fifteen years' imprisonment for illegal banking. An appeal is pending.



A TRAM THAT CARRIES ITS OWN STOVE: THE NEW METHOD OF HEATING BERLIN CARS.

It will be noticed that the stove is fixed on the seat-level, at about the middle of one side of the car. The idea is one that might well be adopted in our own tramcars, which are by no means as warm as they might be in the cold weather, and would most certainly be welcomed.

THE CATHERINE DE' MEDICI OF CHINA.

PHOTOGRAPH SUPPLIED BY L.E.A.



THE SUBSTANCE OF THE SHADOW: THE LATE EMPRESS - DOWAGER OF CHINA, DE FACTO RULER OF THE CELESTIAL EMPIRE.

The late Empress-Dowager has been called the Catherine de' Medici of China and the Semiramis of China, and which title best fits her personality is open to question. She was born in November 1834, the daughter of a military official, and at the age of sixteen entered the Imperial harem. From the humble position she then occupied, she steadily, by strength of will and great natural talent, forced herself into the position of ruler of China. She was the substances to the shadow of the Emperor who is just dead, and her influence over that unfortunate ruler and over the Empire was remarkable. It is not known, and probably never will be known, whether she died a natural death or was assassinated. A good many people favour the latter suggestion. The long finger-nails of the Empress-Dowager should be noted.



THE Institute of Oil Painters boasts the surprise of several interesting canvases. Mr. Charles Ricketts' "Don Juan and the Statue" is as incongruous as the Winged Bull of Nineveh would be were it set among the Wallace snuff-boxes. It has mystery and beauty, two qualities that rarely give themselves into the arms of one so studious in the pursuit of them as Mr. Ricketts. The long stretch of broken, moonlit wall, the motionless



A GREAT PIANIST: HERR BACKHAUS. Herr Backhaus is to give his only recital this season at the Queen's Hall on November 25.

prancing of the white stone horse, and the remote curtain of sky are thrilling, in spite of the pre-meditation, and even affectation, of this scholarly brush that presents them. To continue among the incongruities and surprises of the exhibition we would mention the works of Mr. Cayley. Robinson,

Mr. C. H. Shannon, and Mr. George Wetherbee; and among the pictures that are less incongruous, but never-theless notable, Mr. Aumonier's, Mr. Broun - Morison's, and Mr. Milford Norsworthy's.

The exhibition of drawings by Old Masters at Messrs. Obach's gallery is one of many indications of the retor's interest in a vital branch of art. The collector and the dealer are now awaking to the fact that a good drawing by a great master is as difficult to obtain as a good painting. Even Messrs. Obach, who have the advantages of knowledge and opportunity, can do no more than bring together a collection that is interesting and varied, not one that is masterly and rich. Such draughts-

men as the Canaletti and Guardi are, of course, brilliantly represented. Guardi, especially, is exhilarating; but of the greater, more emotional, and serious masters very little has been discovered. The Giottesque group of the "Virgin and Two Saints" is wonderfully beautiful; and one of the Rembrandts has the real PRIMA - DONNA AT THE QUEEN'S: MISS RUTH VINCENT, Who is playing Babette in "The Belle of Brittany."

intimacy of the master's art, but for the most part the collection confesses to the difficulty of bringing together, for sale, anything very representative, and is, more-over, a concession to the taste of the eighteenth century, when, presumably, most of these studies were brought

The appointment of Mr. Cecil Smith, who has been a notable keeper of Greek antiquities at the British Museum, to the directorship of the Victoria and Albert Museum, has been awaited and is now acclaimed with enthusiasm by the staff at South Kensington. Tired of confusion, the various departments have that feeling of confusion, the various departments have that feeling of relief which schoolboys know when, their class having been left for a period to go its own ways, a master of determination takes them in hand. Ill-lighted and overcrowded galleries, and the lax traditions of the past have made it, of late years, impossible to put the Museum in order. Mr. Cecil Smith has before him a hard, but not a hopeless task. As the various sections of the collection fall into the more reasonable and well-conceived new galleries, many minor reforms will suggest themselves. Most difficult of all the problems that Mr. Smith must solve is the problem reforms will suggest themselves. Most difficult of all the problems that Mr. Smith must solve is the problem of rejection. Bequests and gifts have been made from time to time on conditions that necessitate perpetual



WO of Professor Auer's lady pupils played with the London Symphony Orchestra last week. Miss Kathleen Parlow appeared at the Richter concert, and Miss Margery Bentwick made her début at the Albert Hall on Sunday afternoon. Curiously enough, each player, or her advisers, chose second-rate music for performance. Miss Parlow confirmed her reputation: she deserves to be called a great artist. The ripeness and beauty of the tone she draws from her instrument



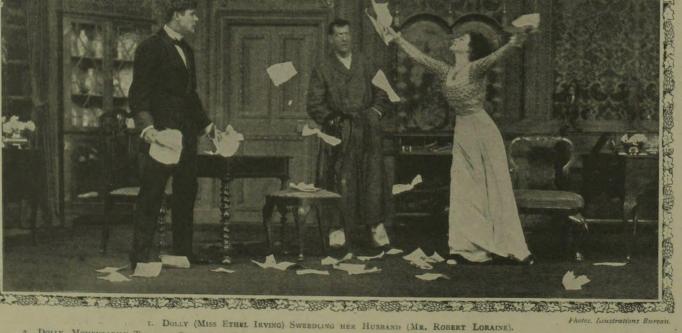
A GREAT VIOLINIST: HERR KUBELIK. Herr Kubelik made his first appearance in this country since his return from Australia some days ago.

are astonishing in the case of a girl who is not yet fully matured. Her sense of phrasing is very sound; she might have spared us Paganini's "moto perpetuo," and yet have left us perfectly satisfied abouther technique. Max Bruch's concerto was unattractive and hackneyed enough. Of Miss Margery Bentwick it

is not wise to say much, for she is to give one or two recitals in the near future, and these will give us a better opportunity of judg-ing her capacity than any concerto by Vieuxtemps can afford. Miss Bentwick showed a considerable measure of technical accomplishment, but violin tone is soon lost in the Albert Hall, and her recitals in a smaller concertroom will prove her

his first appearance before a British audience on Sunday last, is a lad of remarkable achievement. His overture, the first number on the programme, has ideas, sound orchestration, and remarkable resource; he played Mendels-

Little George Szell, the eleven-year-old composer and pianotorte-player, who made



2. Dolly, Momentarily Tired of Sweedling, Tears up the Bills that have Caused the Strife between her Husband and Herself. "DOLLY REFORMING HERSELF," AT THE HAYMARKET.

Mrs. Harry Telfer, known to her intimates as Dolly, is an expert at "sweedling," a mixture of swindling and wheedling.

and unexpurgated exhibition. Some invaluable object carries with it a whole family of unnecessary goods. Mr. Smith, before he has an ideal museum, must read, or misread, in reckless spirit the encumbering wishes and instructions of many of the benefactors of the collection. Alas that Mr. Smith has a conscience!

sohn's "Capriccio Brillante" with the London Symphony Orchestra in fashion that justified an encore. It is hard to guess where George Szell will end if his guardians do not force the pace too much for him. The lad's present precocity suggests that he may ripen into a genius. The training he receives in the next few years will decide.

"CHALKING PARTIES" AT WORK.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. A. FORESTIER.



THE SUFFRAGETTES' NOTICE-BOARD: CHALKING AN ANNOUNCEMENT ON THE PAVEMENT.

As a general rule, the Suffragettes do their chalking on the pavements and on the walls by night, but on occasion they adopt bolder tactics and face the glare of noonday. This was the case, for instance, last Saturday, when one of the militant ladies was to be seen soon after noon writing an announcement of the forthcoming "siege" of Holloway on the pavement in the heart of the Strand.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: PICTURES FROM ALL QUARTERS.



THE MOST POPULAR OF OUR ROYAL VISITORS THE CROWN PRINCE OF NORWAY.

Little Prince Olaf, who is staying in this country with his mother, may most certainly claim to be our most popular royal visitor. He will be six next July.



THE KAISER AND "THE GREATEST GERMAN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY": THE GERMAN EMPEROR AND COUNT ZEPPELIN.

The German Emperor referred to the inventor the other day as "the greatest German of the twentieth century."



AN ELEVEN - YEAR - OLD BOY WHO HAS COMPOSED OVER 300 WORKS: MASTER GEORGE SZELL.

Master Szell made a most successful appearance at the Albert Hall last Sunday as a pianist. He has written 300 compositions, including a comic opera, "Kleine Roland."



A'MEMORIAL TO A LIVING AERONAUT: THE STONE ERECTED IN HONOUR OF COUNT ZEPPELIN.

The Germans as a people are decidedly fond of erecting monuments, and they have seized the opportunity to mark the spot at which Zeppelin landed in August of this year by erecting the stone illustrated. On the occasion on which the Kaiser bestowed the Black Eagle upon the Count his Majesty dubbed the aeronaut "the greatest German of the twentieth century."



THE SUFFRAGETTE WHO CAUSED MR. ASQUITH TO BE SUBPŒNAED: MRS. BAINES.

Both Mr. Asquith and Mr. Herbert Gladstone were subprehaed to attend the trial of Mrs. Baines for unlawful assembly at Leeds Assizes.



A BOULDER FROM THE GREAT ICE AGE WHICH HAS BEEN PLACED IN THE STREETS OF DARLINGTON.

On the wall near the stone has been placed a notice bearing the words—"This boulder of Shap granite was translated from Westmoreland by a glacier which flowed over this part of the country during the Great Ice Age." This monument to a past age may be regarded as the most remarkable in the world, and it attracts the comment

of every visitor to Darlington.



THE FIRST AERODROME IN THE WORLD ERECTED IN FRANCE, THE LAND FAVOURED BY AERONAUTS: THE TRIBUNES.



THE AIR-SHIP AND THE STEAM-SHIP: THE KAISER WATCHING THE ASCENT OF THE "ZEPPELIN" FROM THE UPPER DECK OF THE "KOENIGIN CHARLOTTE."

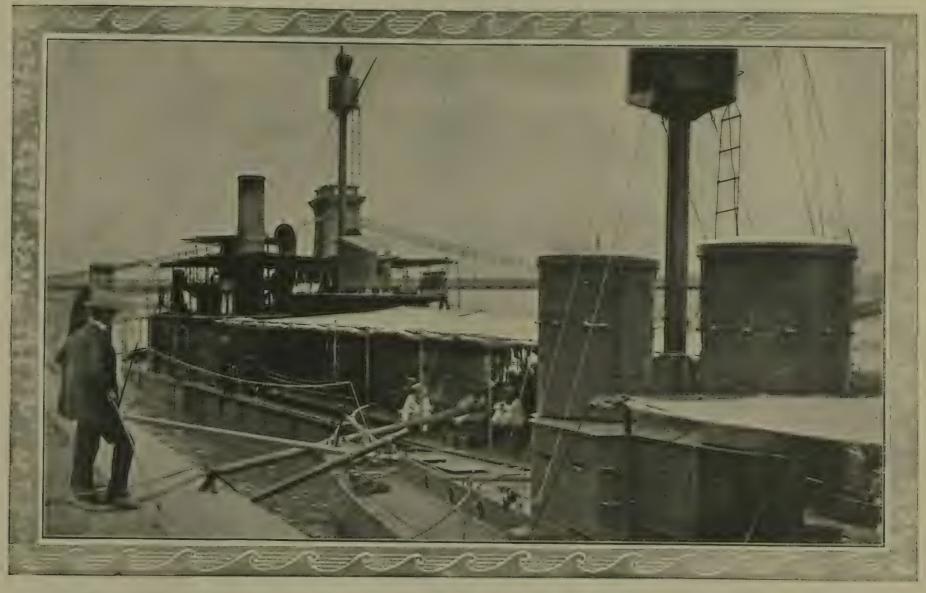
The Kaiser can be seen on the deck, immediately above the second porthole from the left.



THE TOWER BRIDGE OF NEW JERSEY: THE ONE-LEAF BRIDGE OVER COOPER'S CREEK.

The bridge is here shown lifted bodily, in order to permit the passage of vessels. It stretches over Cooper's Creek, Camden, New Jersey.

THORNS IN THE FLESH-NAVAL AND ROYAL.



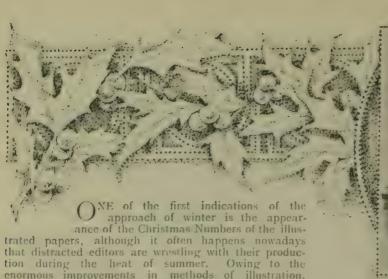
THE THORN IN THE SIDE OF SERVIA: AUSTRIAN MONITORS ON THE DANUBE OPPOSITE BELGRADE.

Nothing has done more to increase the irritation felt by Servia against Austria than the action of the Austrian authorities in ordering war-vessels to take up position in the Danube opposite Belgrade. It was near this place that the Austrian flotilla stopped a Servian steamer some days ago and informed the captain that all shipping traffic was forbidden, the flotilla being engaged in manœuvres. Austrian steamers, nevertheless, were allowed to pass.—[Photograph by Trampus.]



THE THORN IN THE SIDE OF THE PEACE-SEEKER: THE BELLICOSE CROWN PRINCE OF SERVIA ADDRESSING THE CROWD ON HIS ARRIVAL AT BELGRADE FROM RUSSIA.

The Crown Prince, who, apparently with some reason, has earned the title of "Mad George of Servia," has done much to encourage the belligerent attitude of the Servian people. He has made quite a number of fiery speeches, with which his father's people seem to be in agreement: on his return from Russia he was treated as a popular idol.—[Photograph by Illustrations Burrau.]



trated papers, although it often happens nowadays that distracted editors are wrestling with their production during the heat of summer. Owing to the enormous improvements in methods of illustration, made possible by recent inventions, the modern Christmas Number is a very different thing from what it used to be. The presentation-plate is, of course, still the principal feature, but it is by no means the beginning and end of their attractiveness. For instance, the Christmas Number of The Illustrated London News contains a wealth of good things besides the photogravure plate of A. J. Elsley's delightful child-



BEAUTY IN THE BERG: THE ICE-MAIDEN. From "The Sketch" Christmas Number.

picture "Pick-a-Back." The literary matter includes stories by W. J. Locke (author of "The Beloved Vagabond" and "The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne"), Max Pemberton, and Marjorie Bowen. These are illustrated respectively by Cyrus Cuneo, W. Russell Flint, and A. Forestier. Cecil Aldin is responsible for the double-page coloured reproduction of his dog-picture "The Man Possession," after his well-known style, and H. Vogler contributes a drawing of weird fascination called in Possession," after his well-known style, and H. Vogler contributes a drawing of weird fascination called "The Enchanted Lake." Allan Stewart has depicted Sir Galahad, the stainless knight, riding in quest of the Holy Grail, as in Tennyson's poem; while the humorous aspects of Christmas are treated of in drawings by Gordon Browne (as shown on this page), Lawson Wood, R. Caton Woodville, and Fleming Williams. One of Herrick's delicate lyrics, about roses and Julia, forms the text of a beautiful coloured drawing of a girl's head: "Oueen Rose in a Rosebud Garden of of a girl's head; "Queen Rose in a Rosebud Garden of Girls." A page illustrating various fireside games for the



BY G. C. WILMSHURST. From "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number.

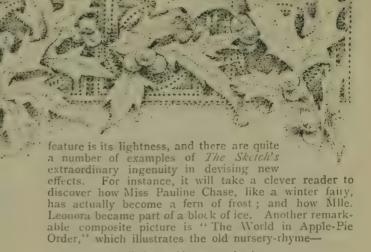
CHRISTMAS COMES APACE.

children's Christmas party will interest the young people. Mr. Edgar Bundy's picture of the Roundhead Colonel preaching to the wounded Cavalier is a mixture of humour and tragedy. Lawson Wood's coloured picture, "Picking off the Picket," represents a not altogether bloodless encounter between a sentry and a flock of geese.

The Christmas Number of The Sketch is, as usual, the most cheery and delightful of its kind. Its prevailing



"MY DANCE, I BELIEVE?" FROM THE PAINTING BY FRANK HAVILAND. The Coloured Presentation Plate of "The Sketch" Christmas Number



If all the world were apple-pie,
If all the seas were ink,
If all the trees were bread-and-cheese,
What should we have to drink?

Such a curiously composed land of the living has given a good opportunity for one of the most amusing and



A POEM IN THE RIME: THE FROST-FLOWER. From "The Sketch" Christmas Number.

ingenious compositions that The Sketch has ever given

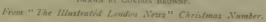
ingenious compositions that The Sketch has ever given to its Christmas readers.

But perhaps the most astonishing results are obtained in connection with the travels of Miss Sketch in Egypt. There she sees the Sphinx with a fair young head on its old shoulders—that, namely, of Miss Marie George, and finds the colossal figures in front of the great Temple of Abu-Simbel crowned with the likeness of Miss Pauline Chase, while Miss Lily Elsie looks out at her from each of the pillars of the Temple of Hathor. Frank Haviland's picture, "My dance, I believe?" forms the presentation-plate, while Dudley Hardy contributes two examples of his own inimitable style.

Numerous comic sketches are interspersed between stories by Edgar Jepson and Richard Middleton, Frank Richardson, Owen Oliver, Nina Balmaine, Walter Grogan, and Henry A. Hering.



A CHRISTMAS TURKEY BY HOOK OR CROOK: LIGHT-FINGERED MUST BE LIGHT-FOOTED. DRAWN BY GORDON BROWNS





THE MAN IN POSSESSION. FROM THE COLOURED PLATE BY CECIL ALDIN. From "The Illustrated London News" Christmas Number.

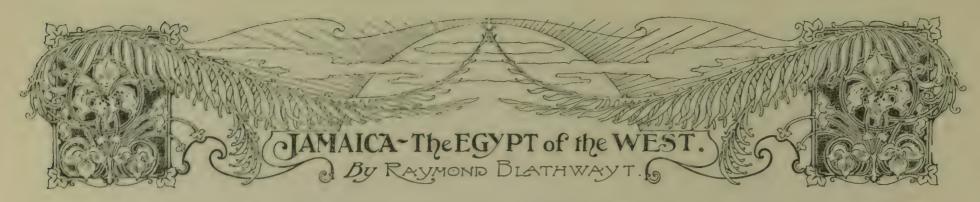
WOMAN-A PERSON OR NOT A PERSON?

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. BEGG.



A GIRL-GRADUATE AT THE BAR OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS: MISS CRYSTAL MACMILLAN APPEALING FOR THE RIGHT TO VOTE.

Miss Macmillan appeared at the bar of the House of Lords the other day to urge the right of women - graduates at the Scottish Universities to vote for the election of University representatives in Parliament. Much of the argument turned on the meaning of the word "person." Acts passed in 1868 and 1881 gave the franchise to all "persons," other than those subject to legal incapacity, upon whom one of the four Scottish Universities had conferred a degree. All other franchise law has referred expressly to "men" or "male persons." Miss Macmillan and the Scottish ladies associated with her sought to prove that woman is a "person" within the meaning of the Act, and that the phrase "legal incapacity" could justify no sex-disqualification.



THE Elder Dempster Steamship Company never did a better day's work than when they resolved to dispatch one of their magnificent steamers every fortnight to the Egypt of the West.

Egypt and the Riviera are delightful, but even the most fascinating joys begin to pall after constant use; and just in the nick of time comes Sir Alfred Jones to the rescue, crying out: "Go to the land of palms and bananas, eternal sunshine, and brilliant blue

It will not cost you a farthing more than going to Cairo, and you will behold sights not to be excelled in interest and in beauty in any other part of the world.

And Jamaica is in itself full of history and romance.

You will realise this when, having slid down the ocean through myriad shadows and sunshine, and chased the glittering flying-fish and outrun the happy dolphins, you glide at last alongside of Port Royal, green and tropic-looking and redolent with memories of that redoubtable buccaneer, Captain Kidd; where Drake and Hawkins used to put in for shelter when pursued by some migh y Spanish galleon which now lies, laden with treasure, in that beautiful land-locked harbour. And what Mr. John Henderson says in his delightful "Jamaica," published by A. and C. Black, a book which all should read, is so true.

"So far as we are concerned," he writes, "the history of the Indies is a medley of romance, the romance of British greatness. There we laid the foundations of our Em-

There we laid the foundations of our Empire; the Caribbean Sea is the font of the Temple of our greatness."

And of this fact brave old Archdeacon Downer, the Rector of Kingston, reminds you when he points out to you the burial-place of Admiral Benbow, who sleeps his last sleep in the historic Parish Church of Kingston. Kingston — a church in which is many a record of England's Imperial greatness, although the building itself is almost a total wreck, a painful memory of the earthquake

of two years ago.

The West Indies always possess undying fascination and interest for the lover of romance When you stand upon one of those beautiful little Jamaican silver-sand beaches, girt with gracefully bending palm-trees, and gaze out upon the blue horizon, you find yourself almost unconsciously thinking of dear old R. M. Ballantyne's "Coral Island," or W. H. G. Kingston's "Three Admirals," and the glimpse you obtain of a white sail gliding and glooming in the far distance reminds you of some little caravel of Elizabeth's long-dead splendid and spacious days

spacious days. You cannot get that sensation in Cairo or in Monte Carlo, whatever may be the delightful sensations you experience in those undeniably charming winter resorts. But in Jamaica you may exploit many new emotions, and the novel always has the charm of the unknown, and a West Indian December or January day is a thing of joy and a dream of beauty from the first moment when the sun peeps out upon you over a spur of the magnificent Blue Mountains, which form so superb a background to Constant Spring Hotel, to that crimson,

translucent moment, full of unimaginably, inconceivably gorgeous colouring when it sinks to rest beneath the calmly heaving ocean far away.

And Constant Spring Hotel itself is always delightful: there is a coming and going of many varied nationalities which is charming to the student of character, and the heat there is never excessive, for the simple reason that an exquisite breeze, either from the scented mountain-side or from the salt sea, blows unwearyingly and unceasingly through the great cool halls and wide-stretching verandahs of the hotel.

VOYAGER TO "THE LAND OF PALMS AND BANANAS: ETERNAL SUNSHINE AND BRILLIANT BLUE SEAS": THE STEAM - SHIP "PORT KINGSTON," OF THE ELDER DEMPSTER LINE.

And in the golf links, which lie almost entirely round the beautiful house, you can get a glimpse of Mr. Melville Foster, the popular private secretary at Government House, a keen sportsman and the kindliest

of cicerones, teaching some fair damsel how best to use her brassy or her niblick. Tennis is played every afternoon, and there are dances, concerts, and theatricals perpetually going on — indeed, the fancy-dress ball, which is an annual February feature of Jamaican social life, and which is arranged with wonderful skill and admirable taste by Mr. Scatti, the hotel-manager, is famed as being one of the most varied and most interesting of its kind in the British Colonies. British Colonies.

And there is another attraction in the hotel life either at Constant Spring or at the Titchfield, in Port Antonio — a remarkably fine hotel, under American management — and that is the variety of the fruit that one obtains at the breakfast-table. Bananas, oranges, grape-fruit, pineapples, green figs, melons of every description, mangoes, star-apples, plums, nazeberries—these are only a few amongst many, but the man who lives on grape-fruit may for ever defy the man who lives on grape-fruit may for ever defy the terrors of indigestion.

You left England buried beneath ice and snow and shivering in the wintry blast; but you will require the thinnest of clothing for Jamaica, and yet, though the sun's rays are extremely powerful, there is little or no danger of sunstroke, and the breezes blow there as I think they blow nowhere else on earth.

Even a tiresome British matron, who at byen a thresome British matten, who at home appears to enjoy nothing so much as sitting upon an iceberg in a thorough draught, the hideous type of woman who always insists on having the railway-carriage window open on the coldest of winter days, a woman incapable of appreciating the real joys of a snug room—even such a one considered and exceedes glodly, that the climater cedes, and concedes gladly, that the climate of Jamaica is a climate of perfection, simply because the heat is never excessive

And are you fond of foliage and flowers, and palms and trees and ferns?

Then indeed days of delight await you! I know nothing to equal, much less to surpass, the superb flowers of a Jamaican road-side. You will obtain a vivid and life-like description of the marvellous and chaotic Cock-pit country in the mountain districts of the island in Miss Dolf

Wyllarde's finely-written and finely-imaginative story of "Mafoota," which deals mainly with the country lying round about Montpelier and Montego

Bay, a part of the island which I would strongly recommend all tourists to visit.

And one of the most delightful afternoons that you can spend in Jamaica you will spend on the polo-ground, where you will see some really fine playing, and the interest you must feel in the spirited contests and the eager, dashing ponies is enhanced by the charm and beauty of the amphitheatre in which the game is played, an amphitheatre surrounded on one side by played, an amphitheatre surrounded on one side by the Blue Mountains, with the magic of their mystery and their unbroken silence, and on the other by the glitter and glow of the far-famed and romantic Caribbean Sea. You have left prosaic old England farbehind you, and you are buried in a glory of sunshine, flowers, and the story of the Spanish Main. Go to Jamaica for the winter!







SPLITTING THE KING'S GREAT DIAMOND BY A HAMMER - BLOW:

THE CULLINAN IN THE ROUGH, AND ITS SPLITTING.



1. EXAMINING THE GREAT DIAMOND IN ITS ROUGH STATE.

2. CUTTING THE INCISION TO RECEIVE THE KNIFE.

3. THE MOST ANXIOUS MOMENT: MR. JOSEPH ASSCHER SPLITTING THE STONE.

The first thing to be done towards the cutting and polishing of the great Cullinan Diamond was to divide the stone into two. After an incision a quarter of an inch deep had been made in the surface of the stone to receive the knife, which is a "comb"-shaped piece of steel, was placed in the incision and was struck with a heavy steel rod, wielded with all the power of a strong man. The knife broke under the first blow, but the second attempt was successful, and the diamond was split into two parts, one weighing 1977½ carats, the other 1040} carats. Later the larger of these pieces was split. The work of cutting and polishing was entrusted to the famous firm of Missrs. Joseph Assocher and Company, of Amsterdam and Paris, while Messrs M. J. Levy and Nephews, the well-known experts in precious stones, were engaged to act as inspectors of the cutting. We may add that the act of splitting a stone is technically known as "giving the knock."

THE NEWEST PHASE OF PARISIAN LIFE: DINING BETWEEN THE ACTS.

DRAWN BY RENÉ LELONG.



The recent production of "Die Götterdämmerung" without "cuts" at the Paris Opera caused the management to make provision for their patrons to the extent of arranging that they could dine in the theatre during the long interval between the first and second acts. The idea met with the immediate approval of fishionable Paris, and became the rage. The hour's interval has now been done away with, but the dining goes on, despite the fact that the performance begins at half-past seven, has but two entractes of ten minutes each, and is over by midnight. It is now being asked in the English papers whether it cannot be made possible to dine at our own theatres.

HIGHLAND CANNIBALS WHO TRADE WITH BRITAIN: A PAGAN PEOPLE

WHO ARE NOW SUBJECT TO THIS COUNTRY.



THE RITUAL OF SURRENDER AMONG THE BAUTCHI PAGANS.



DISTRIBUTING HIS MAJESTY'S MAILS AT LAKE TCHAD.

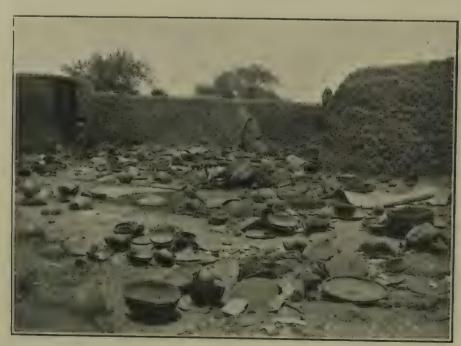
THREE MONTHS FROM LONDON.



A MUD-BUILT TOWN: BAUTCHI CITY.



RIFLED GRANARIES: BAUTCHI STORE-HOUSES AFTER A RAID.



A DESERTED BAUTCHI VILLAGE AFTER A RAID.

The pagan tribes in the Nigerian Protectorate have shown great opposition to the advance of the British, and none have been more strenuous in their resistance than the dwellers in the Bautchi Highlands. The people of that district are so shy that until a short time ago the authorities had no idea as to their number, which has proved to be very great. The natives are naked, and are cannibals, and own hundreds of thousands of horses. A recent expedition persuaded them to recognise British rule, and the Bautchi Highlands are now open to British traders. They are some 13,000 square miles in extent, and can boast valuable copper deposits, and, possibly, the richest tin-fields in the world.

SCOTLAND AND THE BRITISH ARMY; AND A NEW FASHION.

DRAWINGS BY G. S. FERRIER, R.I., AND RENÉ LELONG.

Edinburgh Castle, Craiglockhart Hill.

Salisbury Crags. Arthur's Seat.

Blackford Hills.



SCOTLAND TO BE PROVIDED WITH CAVALRY AGAIN: THE SITE FOR THE NEW BARRACKS NEAR EDINBURGH.

The recent withdrawal of cavalry from Scotland caused a good deal of outcry, and interest in the question has again been raised by the fact that the War Office has decided to build new cavalry barracks for Scotland. These will stand on the site here shown, which has been purchased from the Heriot Trust by the War Office for the sum of £15,000. Our view is taken from the northern slopes of the Pentland Hills, and Edinburgh can be seen in the left background.



A RIVAL TO THE "GÖTTERDÄMMERUNG" DINNER: DINING IN BERLIN'S £100,000 ICE-PALACE,

As we note under the double-page in this issue, dining in the Paris Opera has become the fashion. Berlin has adopted another method, and dines in its new Ice Palace, which was built recently at a cost of about £100,000,

THE NAIL THAT FASTENS JAVA TO THE EARTH.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY AURKDJIAN.



IN THE WORLD OF LAVA: VOLCANO-LAND.

Soen Bung, which is here illustrated, is one of the finest peaks in Java, from the centre of which it rises. It is the guardian of the little hill of Tidar, at its foot, which, so say the natives, is the nail that fastens the island to the face of the earth.



ANDREW LANG ON CREDULOUS INCREDULITY.

THERE is a sort of credulous incredulity which one likes to see exposed. Common sense is so impatient of any fact out of the rut of its own experience that it eagerly invents false explanations, and then believes in them. Notorious cases are the famous old troubles connected with the "Drummer of Tedworth," at Mr. Mompessen's house, in 1662; and the strange events which drove the Cromwellian Commissioners out of Woodstock as described in Scott's novel of that name.

We cannot know the causes of these events, which may have been perfectly normal. But, in the former case, common sense at once boldly declared, in print, that the unlucky Mr. Mompessen had averred that the imposture was discovered; and his time was vainly spent in denying the statement. In the second case, about



MOONSTONE OF AN OLD ABBEY (CALLED "THE QUEEN'S PALACE") ANURADHAPURA.

Reproduced from Mr. Reginald Farrer's "In Old Ceylon," by permission of the publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold.

1651, no explanation was ever found, but, about 1815, the author of a forgotten little book asserted that one Joe Collins, or "Funny Joe," of Oxford, under the Restoration, had published his boast that he caused the troubles, and frightened the Roundheads. In "Woodstock" (1826) Scott repeated all this, as historically true, though he owned that he could not remember where he read the tale, really first published, on no authority, about 1815. So the existence and prowess of Funny Joe are accepted without inquiry, and will be accepted, by credulous common sense, while the world stands.

A beautiful example of credulity in another field is exposed by Mr. W. Allen Sturge, in Man for November. In 1870, Canon Greenwell, the eminent antiquary and angler (the inventor of the taking trout-fly, "Greenwell's Glory"), explored certain chalk-pits locally styled "Grime's Graves," Grime being, I think, a fabulous Graham. A theory has been started that these and other flint-pits belong to an age before, or at the very dawn of the Neolithic age. Against this is only the fact that the Canon found a very fine polished Neolithic axe-head in Grime's Graves. Therefore, the people who think the pits earlier than the age of polished stone have published the statement that the axe-head was put into the hole by the Canon's workmen by way of a job. Mr. Allen Sturge cross-examined the scientific characters

who make this assertion. They had no evidence for it; the evidence was that somebody had said that "the axe ought not to have been found there." Therefore it was a fake, and a workman had confessed to being the jester.



GOLDSMITH'S "JESSAMY BRIDE" AND "LITTLE
COMEDY": MARY AND CATHERINE HORNECK.
We reproduc: Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mary and Catherine Horneck

We reproduc: Sir Joshua Reynolds' "Mary and Catherine Horneck," which forms the frontispiece of Mr. F. Frankfort Moore's "A Georgian Pageant." The work deals with some well-known persons and incidents of the latter half of the eighteenth century.

*Researcheed from the book by cormission of the publishers. Messes, Unitalities.



A MUMMY-CASE THAT IS TWICE THE HEIGHT OF A MAN; THE COVER OF ONE OF THE BIG COFFINS IN DAVIS'S TOMB. Professor G. Maspero, Director-General of the Service des Antiquités,

Cairo, writing in "New Light on Ancient Egypt," says: "It will soon be four years since Theodore Davis, an American travelling in Egypt, asked and obtained permission to explore the valley of kings at Thebes. He undertook the task in no egotistical spirit; he paid the workmen and made the excavations, but we retain all that he found, except a few duplicate pieces which we presented to him by way of souvenir."

From "New Light on Ancient Egypt," by permission of Mr. Fisher Unwin.

Mr. Allen Sturge then consulted Canon Greenwell. He explained that the pits had been originally dug out with picks made of the antiers of the red deer, of which he found seventy-two. The marks of these primitive tools were seen all over the walls of the ancient cutting: but one day the Canon noticed "a clean cut," and said, "They are using a stone axe." Later, the workmen showed him a black object sticking deep in the chalk. It was a ground axe-head of basalt or some such rock, with a blunt-cutting edge, and a small piece broken off one corner. "It fitted exactly into the marks on the gallery sides, and was without the slightest doubt the tool with which some of the work of excavation had been done."

Mr. Allen Sturge then met the son of the foreman of the Canon's workers, who incidentally mentioned that in addition to picks of red-deer antlers, "a granite battle-axe" had been discovered, "that had been used for excavating." His father had often told him, the fact. The axe, now at the British Museum,



THE OLDEST AND HOLIEST TREE IN THE WORLD.

The Illustration shows all that is left of the sacred Ficus of Anuradhapura, cut from the parent tree at Buddha-Gaya, beneath which Prince Siddharttha became Buddha, the Utterly Perfect One.

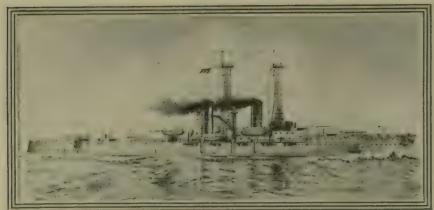
Reproduced from Mr. Reginald Farrer's "In Old Ceylon," by permission of the publisher, Mr. Edward Arnold.

"is alive to testify" to the same. The story was like the fable in which Mrs. Schliemann was said to have carried the Trojan treasure, made at Birmingham, into the wall of Ilios, under her cloak! This was the explanation of a French archæologist, so full of common sense that he could not believe in anything unusual.

How much do men's opinions vary about the most obvious things! We find Mr. George Trevelyan saying, in the Reader's Review, that the Memoirs and Diaries of the seventeenth century "are written in that noble old literary language which all our ancestors, even the least educated, then wrote and spoke, so different from the pseudo-scientific journalese which we all use nowadays as our native tongue and in which this article is written."

But Mr. Alden, in "Magazine Writing and Modern Literature," discovers that there is "The New Art of Prose," with which "music aligns itself"; and, as I understand him, we find very little of this wonderful New Art of Prose in the English of the past. "The art of Conrad and Hichens" is "something quite different." I am ready to take Mr. Alden's word for that, but find myself more in sympathy with Mr. Trevelyan.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



Thoto. Hy

THE INDESTRUCTIBLE FIGHTING - TOP IN DUPLICATE: AMERICA'S FIRST "DREADNOUGHT," THE "NORTH DAKOTA."

The "North Dakota," which is of the "Dreadnought" type, was launched at Quincy, Massachusetts, recently. It will be seen that, like the "Idaho," she is fitted with the new haystack fighting - top, which, it is said, shells cannot destroy. She has the advantage over the "Idaho," however, in that she has two fighting - tops.



Photo, White

DIGGING UP "BLACK DIAMOND": NATIVES WORKING ON THE PITCH LAKE AT LA BREA.

This remarkable lake, which is at La Brea, Trinidad, covers an area of one hundred-and-ten acres, and is of unknown depth. By reason of its value it is known locally as "black diamond." Eight hundred tons are removed from it each day, and by the following morning the hole is filled. The pitch is in a liquid state some little distance below the surface.



Linta Tabica

A BATTLE-SHIP'S LAST APPEARANCE IN MUFTI: THE "IDAHO" JUST BEFORE SHE WAS PAINTED MOUSE-COLOUR.

The authorities have begun to give the "Idaho" her war-paint of mouse-colour, the hue it has been decreed shall replace the white that has hitherto prevailed in the American Navy. By the side of the "Idaho" is the "Mississippi," already wearing her new coat of paint. It is claimed that the new colour makes it extremely difficult to see the vessels at any distance.



Photo, Prestru

THE SCENE OF DINIZULU'S INDICTMENT AND TRIAL: THE TOWN HALL AT GREYTOWN.

It was believed that the trial of Dinizulu would begin in the middle of this week. The Town Hall at Greytown, the scene of the trial, is large, when the size of the town is considered, and it forms quite an imposing court, with plenty of accommodation for the public. It was there that the indictment of Dinizulu took place.



CECIL RHODES'S GRAVE IN THE MATOPPO HILLS.



Photo, Illustrations Bure

THE CORINTHIAN TEMPLE THAT HAS BEEN ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF CECIL RHODES AT "GROOT SCHUUR."



Photo, Jacq

WATTS'S "PHYSICAL ENERGY," FORMING PART OF THE RHODES MEMORIAL AT "GROOT SCHUUR," CAPE TOWN.

A memorial to "The Spirit and life-work of Cecil John Rhodes, who loved and served South Africa," has been erected at a cost of from twelve to fifteen thousand pounds at "Groot Schuur," near Cape Town, the residence of the "uncrowned king of South Africa." Watte's "Physical Energy" forms one of its features.

The First Wealth is Health.

'GIVE ME HEALTH AND A DAY. . . HE ONLY IS WEALTHY WHO OWNS THE DAY.'

'Happy the Man and Happy He alone, He who can call the Day His own.'-Dryden.

The Simple Life, 'Tis Luxury that Kills.

- 'To lead a Simple Life is to fulfil the Highest Human Destiny.'-Wagner.
- 'Sow an Act and you reap a Habit, sow a Habit and you reap a Character, sow a Character and you reap a Destiny.'
- 'A Man's wealth consists not so much in the multitude of his Possessions as in the fewness of his Wants.'

Diogenes, the famous Cynic Philosopher (412-323 B.C.), is stated to have taken up his abode in a cask, where he was visited by Alexander the Great, and when the only favour he had to beg of the Prince was THAT HE WOULD NOT STAND BETWEEN HIM AND THE SUN, Alexander is said to have exclaimed, 'If I were not Alexander I would be Diogenes.'

Amid the confused restlessness of modern life, our wearied minds dream of simplicity. . . . All this brushwood, under pretext of sheltering us and our happiness, has ended by shutting out our Sun. When shall we have the courage to meet the delusive temptations of our complex and unprofitable life with the Sage's challenge, OUT OF MY LIGHT'!- Wagner.

'Divine Philosophy! by whose pure light We first distinguish, then pursue the right.'

-Juvenal.



DIOGENES BEFORE ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

A Sublime Destiny.

'Teach Self-denial and make its practice pleasurable, and you create for the world a destiny more sublime than ever issued from the brain of the wildest dreamer.'- Sir Walter Scott.

'To be a Philosopher is not merely to have subtle thoughts, but so to love Wisdom as to live according to its dictates a life of Simplicity, Magnanimity, and Trust, and thus combine the hardiness of the Savage with the intellectualness of the cultured man.' -Thoreau.

'Man's rich with little were his judgment true, Nature is frugal and Her wants are few.'

MORAL.

'Poverty sits by the Cradle of all our Great Men and rocks them up to Manhood.

'As Health is such a blessing, and the very source of all pleasure, it may be worth the pains to discover the region where it grows, the springs that feed it, the customs and methods by which it is best cultivated and preserved.'-Sir W. Temple.

We quote the following from a well-known writer on Pathology-

'Now, a word on the importance of the regular and proper action of the excretory organs and of the intestinal canal. The former separate substances from the blood that are hurtful if they are kept in the blood. The waste substances that are got rid of by the intestinal canal include the parts of the food that are not digested and certain secretions from the intestinal canal, especially from the large part of the intestine. These substances are injurious if left in the body, as certain portions of them are reabsorbed into the blood, especially the foul organic matter in them, so that if these various excretory organs do not perform their functions in a proper manner, waste substances are either not separated from the blood or are reabsorbed into it and poison it, and as the blood is distributed to the various tissues of the body they are not properly nourished and they become degenerated, weak, and incapable of performing their proper functions, so that the regular action of these excretory organs of the body is of the greatest importance with regard to health, for not a single tissue of the body can be kept in a proper condition if the waste substances are not got rid of in the manner they should.

'INTO MAN'S HANDS IS PLACED THE RUDDER OF HIS FRAIL BARQUE THAT HE MAY NOT ALLOW THE WAVES TO WORK THEIR WILL.'-Goethe.

The human body has unfortunately a power of auto-intoxication, i.e., of poisoning itself unless certain deleterious products are quickly removed from the alimentary system. There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable remedy which will by natural means get rid of dangerous waste matter without depressing the spirits or lowering the vitality, than

Where Eno's 'Fruit Salt' has been taken in the earliest stages of a disease, it has, in innumerable instances, prevented a Serious Illness. Its effect upon any disordered, Sleepless, or feverish Condition is simply Marvellous. It is, in fact, Nature's Own Remedy, and an Unsurpassed One.

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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES," AT THE ST. JAMES'S. "THE BUILDER OF BRIDGES." AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

I NGENIOUS in its stage-craft as is Mr. Sutro's new
St. James's piece, "The Builder of Bridges,"
it is exasperatingly artificial. Its author, indeed,
seems qualifying for the position of an English
Sardou, and unfortunately it is the Sardou of later
and vicious days who is his model. Along with a
mastery of technique there seems to have come
on Mr. Sutro a colour-blindness as to ordinary
motives and conduct; he gets his theatrical effects
only by the distortion of human nature. Consider his latest heroine, a girl who, to save her sider his latest heroine, a girl who, to save her brother, a fraudulent bank official, from exposure, steadily sets herself to tascinate the firm's engineer (before whom the thief's accounts will come), and angles for a proposal of marriage, with, as its proposed sequel, a condonation of the fraud, while she is still engaged to another lover. The engineer—one of those intensely honourable business men whom it seems Mr. Alexander's function just now to impersonate—falls a victim function just now to impersonate - falls a victim

had already done with her fiancé. Repenting of her treachery, she calmly bids the man she has agreed to marry choose between making up the sum her brother has stolen or accepting his dismissal. When he demure, she breaks off the engagement, and

ONE OF THE QUAINT BEEHIVE CELLS ON THE ISLAND.



but stagy scene, learn from his rival the tale of the whole sorry plot than, instead of giving the girl a chance of excusing her treachery, he checks all her

chance of excusing her treachery, he checks all her attempts at explanation with cold scorn and vituperation. Even when in love men do not act like that. No, the psychology of Mr. Sutro's main plot will not bear serious analysis. On the other hand, some scenes of his sub-plot—the clerk's confession of his crime and a talk between the engineer and his misogynist chief—are refreshingly natural, and the acting of Mr. William Farren as the woman - hater, and of Mr. Dawson Milward as Dorothy's dishonest brother is some of the strongest given at the St. James's. Mr. Alexander, too, has rarely played with more authority and carnestness than he does in the titular part, and Mr. Harcourt he does in the titular part, and Mr. Halcourt Williams supplies a brilliant portrait of the heroine's fiancé—a petulant, hysterical young egoist. Owing, possibly, to the inconsistencies of Dorothy's character, Miss Irene Vanbrugh hardly makes as much out of the girl's emotional scenes as might have been expected; the







A GENERAL VIEW OF RUINS ON THE ISLAND

THE LATE KING OF INNISHMURRAY.

THE ALTAR OF CURSING.

THE ISLAND KINGDOM OF EIGHTY PEOPLE: INNISHMURRAY, OFF THE COAST OF SLIGO.

The death of the so-called "king" of Innishmurray, which is off the coast of Sligo, drew attention the other day to the most remarkable existing kingdom. Various curiosities are to be seen on the island, notably the King's Castle; the wall of the town, inside which are many passages; the houses that look like beehives; the churches; a holy well; and the Altar of Cursing. The islanders are fisherfolk, and have neither priests nor police, the king settling all disputes. With regard to the Altar of Cursing, it may be said that it is believed that if a man makes the circuit known as the Way of the Cross nine times, recites certain prayers, and turns the stones while he curses his enemy, that curse will certainly take effect.-[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL.]

to the brother's and sister's contemptible conspiracy; and it was evidently Dorothy's original idea to play as fast and loose with her brother's saviour as she

at once accepts the other man's offer of marriage. Now, is this a likely flesh-and-blood woman? Take again the engineer: no sooner does he, in a telling,

actress shows plenty of nervous force, but there is a touch of hardness—or is it restraint?—in her performance which scarcely makes for illusion.



'THE OLD, OLD TALE."

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THE PHRASING LEVER, the marvellous device controlling every variation of tempo, enabling emotional demands of the most simple or difficult music, preserving its marked time and true character, but admitting of rhythmic variations which give distinction and impart individuality to the performance.

The other exclusive devices of the Angelus all combine to render it the pre-eminent Player-Piano, notably the MELODY BUTTONS, for bringing out the beauties of any melody at will, and the DIAPHRAGM PNEUMATICS, which impart the pliant resilient, human-like touch to the keys. The

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In Cabinet Form) will play any Grand or Upright Piano; is adjusted and removed from the Piano in a moment
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LADIES' PAGE.

THERE is much significance in the formation of the new "Conservative and Unionist Women's Franchise Association." It is not only that the society starts under exceptionally influential auspices, but that it is a prophecy of future probabilities. After the next General Election (which will very likely not be long delayed) most politicians expect the return of the Conservative to govern this cuite. expect the return of the Conservatives to power. It is quite reasonable to anticipate that this next Conservative Government will extend the franchise to women, if the opinion of the party is sufficiently organised to justify the step. The Conservatives can in one way do so more easily than the present Ministry, as Mr. Asquith and his followers are hampered by the Socialist element in their ranks, which would profess great indignation if the vote were given only to those women at the heads of houses or businesses, who have their own rates and taxes to pay. No organisation of women themselves, be it understood, has ever asked for more than the vote for women on the same terms as it is or may be extended to men. This would shut out most wives (but not all, nor married women as such), but would include the women who are steadied and rendered independent by facing the responsibilities of the world for themselves. Of such women voters there would be but about one to every seven men voters-this figure is arrived at by the municipal register, on which women do have the vote "on the same terms as men." As a beginning, to give the vote for M.P. to only those women who pay their own taxes and are at the heads of their own homes or businesses would not only fulfil the constitutional maxim that taxation and representation should go together, but would also have the plain advantage of not abruprly "swamping" the electorate with an inexperienced class.

It is being recalled by the new association that Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury, as well as Mr. Balfour, all declared themselves in favour of the enfranchisement of women who fulfil the responsibilities of taxpayers. Lord Beaconsfield was actually the first person to say in the House of Commons that in his judgment propertied women had a right to the vote. One of the vice-presidents of the association is Miss Alice Balfour, the sister who keeps house for the leader of the Conservative Party. Lady Knightley of Fawsley, a leading Primrose dame, is the president, and among other names on the list of vice-presidents are those of Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Robert Cecil, Lady Rayleigh, Lady Edward Spencer-Churchill, the Principal of Girton, Miss Constance Jones, and that most benevolent of peeresses, the Countess of Meath, founder of the Brabazon Fund that so lessens the monotony of for the poor old folks in our workhouses by providing them with material for light work, and founder also of a valuable colony-home for poor epileptic women. There are many other distinguished names on the list of membership. Of course, this is not to be a "militant" society, but intends to "try to convince, not to coerce."



THE BUTTON AS TRIMMING.

A tailor-made gown for afternoon wear, in dark face-cloth, trimmed with silk-covered buttons and loops. Squirrel hat and stole.

Fashions in furs are unchanging, so far as the peluy worn is concerned. Every woman who can afford the exquisite softness and depth of sable provides herself with a set of that extremely beautiful fur. Ermine is in high favour, if its unfortunate tendency to go yellow when cleaned can be disregarded; it is a very becoming fur, and singularly decorative—even a small tie produces a well-dressed effect. while a large band of it, or even more, a complete mantle, is quite sumptuous. Sealskin suffered a slight eclipse in favour a few seasons ago, but is now again much desired, and gives a cosy and at the same time rich effect that is not to be surpassed. Chinchilla is so soft in colouring and surface alike that it is singularly attractive, but it does not wear well, nor does it look quite suitable with a dark and heavy gown, so that it is not to be recommended to women who can only afford one set of great furs. Whose sable are seal can only afford one set of good furs. Where sable or sealskin can be had for every-day use with all sorts of gowns, and a chinchilla set also to wear with grey or violet gowns of soft face-cloth, or even more delicate materials, or with velvet afternoon-frocks in black or any colour, then chinchilla is delightful.

Some of the new fur ties are absurdly unprotective. They are arranged to hang chiefly down the wearer's back or over her arms, as a quantity of loosely hanging tails and odd cut-up bits of fur, as it were, instead of closing comfortably over the chest and covering the shoulders. A sensible purchaser considers, in the first place, the protective possibilities of her proposed new fur, and declines tails that hang below her waist but are not associated with a shapely portion fitted for the due safety of the lungs. Short fur coates (or "coatees") reaching only just below the waist are much (or "coatees") reaching only just below the waist are much worn betrimmed with galons and cords, with net introduced or satin stoles, or with a trimming of some other fur as a relief, such as ermine on sable, black fox or skunk on seal-skin, or moleskin with squirrel. The new muffs are simply enormous, but lace, gathered net, and satin are often introduced in order to lighten the weight and lessen the quantity of the fur needed. Throatlets of fur edged on either side with deep frills of chiffon or net tipped with narrow lace are very becoming. Doctors do not advise encircling the throat tightly with fur, as it makes one apt to take cold when the over-heating protection is put off: to take cold when the over-heating protection is put off; but certainly these little collars are a pretty finish to a coat, and grey squirrel and moleskin, which are comparatively cheap furs, can be worn in this quantity satisfactorily.

Now that the season of coughs and chest complaints is in full swing the utility of codliver oil in healing the lungs deserves notice. That old established preparation "Dr. de Jongh's Light Brown Cod-Liver Oil" is very pure and genuine, and the flavour is so modified that it can be agreeably taken; it is more digestible, too, than other oils. It is invaluable in cases of recovery from whooping-FILOMENA.

THE PREVENTION OF THROAT TROUBLES.

The number of men, women, and children, who constantly suffer from sore throat, more especially at this season of damp, fog, and cold, presents a problem to the medical practitioner which has long given him very serious trouble. At last this problem has been solved, and the means has been found of putting an end to this distressing condition by a discovery which the medical profession hail as one of the most valuable gifts they have received from science

The way in which this discovery has been made-the nature of the remedy, its powers, and the method of its application—Dr. Andrew Wilson, the eminent authority on hygiene, describes in detail in his latest work, "The Prevention of Infectious Disease," a contribution to the literature of science which promises to still further enhance the author's reputation as a promoter of the public walfare.

A GUARD AGAINST INFLUENZA.

Dr. Andrew Wilson touches the root of the trouble when he says in his work, "Most infectious ailments reach the body through the mouth; hence, in times and seasons of influenza, diphtheria, or when scarlet fever and other zymotic ailments are 'in the air,' it will be well to remind ourselves of the value of allowing a 'Formaniat' tablet to dissolve accessionable in the mouth mamint' tablet to dissolve occasionally in the mouth, If influenza and other infectious troubles are acquired in crowded assemblies, the use of a 'Formamint' tablet

under such conditions may be relied on to ward off risks

Infectious ailments reach the body through the mouth, they develop in the throat, and "Formamint Wulfing" is the name science has given to the recently discovered remedy for the evil—that is the gist of the matter. But more of Dr. Andrew Wilson's words are worth quoting and seriously reflecting over. He says:—

"No ailments are more painful or annoying than those affecting the throat and the organ of the voice or 'larynx,' nor are there any troubles in which it is more difficult by means of ordinary remedies to reach the parts affected. Inhalations and gargles often fail to give relief, by reason usually of the fact that they are difficult of application, disagreeable to use, and quickly lose their effect.

MICROBES MADE HARMLESS.

That which Science has searched for and found at last, he tells us, "is a substance which shall exercise an antiseptic action, and destroy microbes, without injurious effect, either upon the mouth or on the body." This substance "Formamint Wulfing" his description shows to adequately meet these requirements. "Formamint" comes to the front as an efficient remedy in throat troubles by reason of its disinfective powers. It clears the field of the germ products to which the throat ailment is due, and thus initiates the one essential condition of the process of speedy healing and vital repair.

"Formamint Wulfing," Dr. Andrew Wilson says, "is sold in the form of tablets, in bottles which can be

carried in the satchel. One tablet dissolved in the mouth at intervals allows of the active principle to mingle with the saliva, in which it is freely soluble. Through the saliva it is brought into immediate and close contact with every part of the mouth, pharynx, and throat. In such ailments as smoker's throat, 'clergyman's sore throat,' and those affections which distress singers and speakers, 'Formamint' is promptly effective, while in the treatment of children's complaints, thrush, inflammation of the tonsils, etc., it has been proved the greatest gift we have yet had from Science."

Invaluable as a prevention of infection-medical men and nurses now place a tablet in their mouths for that purpose after visiting patients suffering from infectious disease—"Formamint," Dr. Andrew Wilson tells us, "is a germicide and a sweetener, effective in nature, and above all, pleasant to use and capable of easy and instant

In face of the public benefit of so important a In face of the public benefit of so important a medicament becoming widely known, the publishers of Dr. Andrew Wilson's work, in which it is fully described, have instructions to distribute a first large edition of the work by post, free of cost, to all who feel sufficient interest in the subject to write to them for a copy. A postcard, mentioning "The Illustrated London News," addressed to A. Williams and Co., 24, Alfred Place, London, W.C., will insure a copy by return of post. by return of post

"Formamint Wulfing," by the way, may be obtained from all chemists, in bottles, at 1s. 11d.





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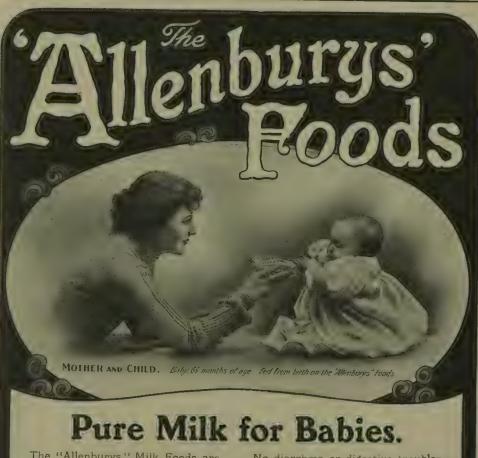
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of manufacture absolutely precludes all risk of contamination with noxious germs. A complete substitute for the natural food of the child is obtained and vigorous growth and health are promoted.

No diarrhoea or digestive troubles need be feared when the "Allenburys". Milk Foods are given. The Milk Foods are made in a minute by the addition of hot water only.

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

ANYTHING approaching a careful examination of the various exhibits on the floor of the Hall at Olympia and in the Annexe during the past week cannot



TO LESSEN THE RISK OF COLLISION FROM BEHIND: THE NEW CAB-SIGNAL.

The signal is intended to show vehicles that may be following the car on which it is mounted when the chauffeur intends to turn to the right or left, or to stop. It shuts up fan-wise when not in use.

have failed to impress the visitor with the after-math effect of the Four-Inch Race. Four-inch cars, math effect of the Four-Inch Race. Four-inch cars, or preferably engines, are found on every hand, and a very fine selection of high - class, medium - powered motors they are. The dimensions of these engines are all round about 4 in. by 5 in., with a tendency to drop a little below, rather than rise above, these dimensions. As a matter of fact, motors of these calibres will really give off all the power required to-day by the consistent motorist, and something to spare, provided he does not overload the chassis with a too-ambitious body. All this is without doubt the outcome of the Four-Inch Race.

There is an undeniable tendency to pursue the moteur en bloc-that is, all cylinders cast in one-with regard to four-cylinder engines, and it is undeniable that a much cleaner and neater job can be so obtained. But the system should emanate from a firm of repute, who not only know a good casting from a bad one, but can afford to pay the high prices asked for good castings of this intricate character. The moteur en bloc affords opportunity for much more generous water-jacket spacings everywhere, permits the formation of induction leads therein, so obviating much piping, and lends itself distinctly to the undoubted boon of thermo-syphon cooling. Rapid convection obtains more readily with the unified body of water surrounding the cylinders, a more uniform temperature is maintained therein, and the large single passages permit an easier flow than is possible when thermo-syphon cooling is attempted with cylinders in pairs or single. Although to-day circulating water - pumps give no trouble and perform the work expected of them in a most satisfactory manner, I shall look for them to become a vanishing quantity

A considerable change is noticeable, too, in the matter of control. While I cannot recall encountering a single governed Show, the provision of pedal-controlled throtles is clearly on the increase. Only in very few cases is handlever throttling alone provided; pedal and hand lever are generally inter-connected, and in some cases pedal - control alone is fitted. This is so with the new light Thornycroft, and if, as is the case in that superbly designed chas-sis, the throttlepedal is so posi-tioned that the

as time goes on

a natural position, I am inclined to the opinion that the pedal is enough.

High - tension magneto ignition, with the magneto placed most accessibly, and so fixed and coupled up that it can be detached and replaced quickly and without error, is rapidly becoming universal. Still, there are a number of cars, newly introduced at this exhibition by leading makers, which have dual systems of ignitive products in the product of the control of t of ignition, a minority, indeed, being equipped with absolutely independent systems, an arrangement which I am fain to say most materially appeals to me. Here and there, with the high-tension magneto system the ignition point is fixed, so that the steering-wheel is relieved of one lever, or, if the ignition can be varied, it is merely arranged for retardation to avoid back fires when starting up. In one or two instances the magneto and accumulator plugs are set anglewise in the valve-cap over the induction-valves, and in others, though of this I certainly disapprove, the plugs of one or other of the systems are set in the valve-cap over the exhaust-valves.



THE CAR THAT HAS CONQUERED THE HORSE, AND THE INVENTION THAT MAY CONQUER THE CAR: THE SMALLEST AEROPLANE ON AN AUTOMOBILE.

The photograph shows M. Santos Dumont driving his aeroplane "Demoiselle" to St. Cyr, where he is experimenting. The aeroplane weighs only three hundredweight.

"KEEP YOUR EYE"

"CONTINENTALS"

MODEL 1909

IMPROVED CONSTRUCTION

THE

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WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

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For Gentlemen.

The Prizes will be as follows: For Ladies.

1st Prize 1st Prize - - £5 5s. 5 Prizes of -- £1 1s. each. 5 Prizes of -- £1 1s. each. - 10s. 6d. " 10 For Children. Up to 10 years of age. Over 10 and up to 14 years of age. 1st Prize 1st Prize - £2 2s. - 7s. 6d. each. 5 Prizes of -5 Prizes of - 10s. 6d. each. - 5s. od: " 10 " -- 7s. 6d. " The prizes will not be divided.

INSTRUCTIONS.

Write the following on a sheet of paper:

The law of the Bath is a paradox quite, For would you be healthy and strong, With WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP you are sure to be right,

But wash without Wright's you'll be wrong.

At the top left-hand corner place name and address, and state whether Mr.,

At the top left-hand corner place name and address, and state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss, and in the case of children their age to be given.

Competitors may send as many attempts as they like, but each one must be accompanied by an outside wrapper of WRIGHT'S Coal Tar Soap. Sold everywhere, 4d. per tablet. Competitors sending any other wrapper than WRIGHT'S will be disqualified.

The decision of the Managing Director will be final.

Last day for receiving replies, Dec. 15th. The result will be announced in the "DAILY MAIL" on Jan. 15th.

Address, "Handwriting," WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP, 66-68, Park

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TALKS WITH TOM BINGLEY, M.P.

BY G. S. STREET.

XXXIX.-LITTLE JOKES.

"I 'VE some good news for you," said Tom. "I don't believe it," said I. "Yes, I have. You know one is always complaining, when one sups after

yes, I'm sorry, but we're getting near the end-the general idea is to make it more difficult to get drink than it was before. Good; but the Government, anxious not to be too tyrannical, has introduced a clause to the effect that you can stay on licensed premises during closing hours provided you don't drink intoxicating liquor.

That, of course, annoyed the temperance party, and then the Prime Minister and the Solicitor-General, to show they hadn't done anything rash, explained that they

THE EXILED NAPO-LEON'S LITTLE EMPIRE: THE HOME OF THE "KING OF ELBA."

Napoleon sought to make it clear by his public attitude that he was content in his exile to reign as King of Elba. By so doing he lulled the suspicions of his enemies, and so was able the more easily to make his escape. In the photograph of the exterior of the house the initial "N" can be seen figuring in the decoration.



THE HOUSE FROM WHICH THE EXILED NAPOLEON RULED ELBA: THE VILLA "SAN MARTINO" ON

THE ISLAND OF ELBA. it's ordered before; but perhaps we'd better — with a spirited effort. Very well, then, we sit and drink our coffee till as late

we sit and drink our coffee till as late as we like, and defy them to turn us out. We shall be refreshing ourselves non-intoxicatingly and be as right as rain, as safe as houses, according to the Solicitor-General. Pioneers of a boon to thousands, by Jove! Will you come?" "Strictly in the interest of political experiment, Tom. But I expect this dictum will be explained away. Don't you think so?"

this dictum will be explained away. Don't you think so?"

"Probably. There'll be a row if it isn't, I should say. It gave us an amusing debate. So did the great sandwich question. You see, another section of the new clause mitigated the extra shutting up on Sunday by allowing you"—I objected to the constant use of the second person in this connection, but he went on—"by allowing you to stick to the old hours if you're having a meal: you may even have your glass—well, you do, don't you?—at the same time. Well, then, of course it became a burning question what

THE HOUSE FROM WHICH THE EXILED NAPOLEON RULED ELBA: THE VILLA "SAN MARTINO" ON THE ISLAND OF ELBA.

the theatre, of having to turn out of the restaurant at half-past twelve." "My dear Tom," said I, "I make no such complaint. Of my own accord I should never dream of eating supper at all, and on the very rare occasions when my friends persuade me to, I am only too glad that the police should intervene to send me to my bed—my desideralis lectus, if you will forgive my impertinent erudition—at a comparatively reasoneratus lectus, if you will forgive my impertinent erudition—at a comparatively reasonable hour. A little discipline, just a slight dash or so, is an agreeable thing in life—the touch of vinegar in the salad. Then there is the fun of the thing, the lights being turned out, the waiter striking matches to show the bill. Foreigners find it quite exciting, and roar with laughter. If your good news is that a benevolent Government is going to allow my vicious friends to keep is going to allow my vicious friends to keep me sitting at a restaurant until any time they like, I am sorry to hear it. But I thought the tendency was all the other way?" "That's the fun of it," said he. "The general idea of the Licensing Bill—



THE EGYPTIAN ROOM BUILT TO NAPOLEON'S DESIGN.



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The Uses of Elliman's.

Animals Treatment.

Elliman's Embrocation, owing to its antiseptic properties, can be used with advantage in the treatment of wounds or abrasions of the skin, when diluted one part Elliman's to ten parts water (see pp. 22-23,

As an Emollient when hand - rubbing or massage is necessary promote circulation in cold extremities (see p. 30, Cramp, E.F.A.

As a Mild Stimulant or rubefacient when slight swellings have to be dispersed, and in the treatment of bruises or slight sprains (see pp. 24-25, E.F.A. Booklet).

As a Counter - Irritant when a blistering action is required, as in the treatment of chronic inflammation, thickened ligaments, old-standing enlargements, bony growths. The action of Elliman's as a counter-irritant is greatly increased by previously fomenting the part with hot water (see Ring-bone, p. 61, the complete book).

The Skin of Horses, it must be borne in mind, varies in thickness and sensitiveness in the different breeds, and in the different parts of the same animal. In a thoroughbred, and well-bred horses, the skin is much thinner than it is in the common breeds.

The Skin of Cattle is much thicker and less sensitive.

The Skin of the Dog is so very sensitive that dogs should not be treated in the same manner as other animals; also it is very absorbent, hence in that animal a larger surface than is necessary should not be treated, nor a large quantity of the Embrocation used at one time about the body in particular. When rubbing is indicated it should be done gently.

A copy of the E F.A. Booklet, referred to above, 64 pages (which is a summary of the complete work, 193 pages), is enclosed inside wrappers of all bottles, price 1s., 2s., 3s. 6d., of Elliman's Royal Embrocation.

Elliman, Sons & Co., Slough, England.

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WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



ARE EFFECTIVE, AND REQUIRE NO SKILL TO USE.

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For Very Bold Curls



"IMPERIAL"

HOVENDEN'S EASY

OF ALL HAIRDRESSERS, &c. corner of label, thus:

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Our Patent Folding Cabinets possess several exclusive advantages, and embrace every desirable feature. No others are so safe or give such entire satisfaction. The following are some points of superiority -

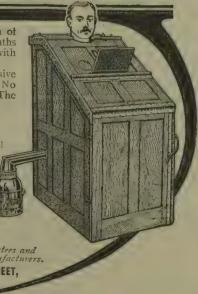
1st-Efficient and Absolutely Safe Outside Heater.
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Our Cabinets are endorsed and recommended by Physicians for the cure of Rheumatism, Colds, Influenza, Kidney, Blood, and Skin Diseases.

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was a meal. Members brought out weird stories of sandwiches and hard-boiled eggs being handed on from generation to generation, so to speak, as excuses for drink. Harold Cox related his experiences at Gothenberg—good old Gothenberg again, the model town, you know—where they give you—well, give Cox, if you prefer it—tiny plates of sandwaggers, which you give to the birds—why birds I don't know, but Cox said so. Then Faber, one of the members for York, brought his powerful intellect to bear on the question. He put together the time when he might drink and the time when he might eat without drinking, and found he might pretty well spend all Sunday in a public house. Then somebody else said Roberts, the member for Lincoln, might go with an empty flask late at night on Sunday to a pub and order sandwiches, and the publican might



HONOURED BY THE KING ON HIS MAJESTY'S BIRTHDAY:
SIR THOMAS BARCLAY.

Sir Thomas Barclay, who received his knighthood on the King's birthday, is a prominent citizen of Birmingham, and has been responsible for a great deal of philanthropic and public-spirited work in that city.

fill the flask when Roberts wasn't looking; and then Roberts might lie to a policeman about it. Rough to single out Roberts. All very amusing, wasn't it?"

"Mildly amusing, Tom, but rather futile. Boys will be boys, I suppose, but I think your House should have taken the thing more seriously. A man, whether Mr. Faber or another, who wants to spend all day in a public - house need not be considered: if he gets drunk he can be dealt with, and sober people need not

be sacrificed to him. The Government are quite right to let people have meals in prohibited hours, and everyone knows that a sandwich isn't a meal. Rough - and - ready thinkers like you and your friends, my dear Tom, always quibble worse than anyone clse, once you begin. A police magistrate once told me—no, not in his Court—that he had a man before him accused of asking for food in areas. The man explained that it was a Sunday, and he had walked in from the country and was suffering from hunger and couldn't buy any food, and the magistrate accepted the excuse. But I grow sorrier and sorrier for the Government every time you tell me of the jokes against their Bill."

me of the jokes against their Bill."

The said jokes, as I remarked, may be only mildly amusing, but no doubt they sounded much funnier as they were spoken. One loses much in a report, and in particular one loses emphasis and peculiarities of speech. And even if one could reproduce them on paper, one might not for fear of being thought rude. Tom gave me, for example, a spirited imitation of a Labour member, I won't say which, attacking Mr. John Burns. "The President of the Local Government Board," sounds as nothing. But—as near as I can get it—"The President of the Local Government Board," said slowly with withering score is quite another things.

slowly, with withering scorn, is quite another thing. Then how effective "ain't" can be?—but though Lady Grove, in her useful book, says that all really fashionable people say "ain't," one is not allowed to report it. Since, however, we cannot all be there, one must do one's best.

At the Clydebank Shipbuilding Yard the other day, Messrs. John Brown and Co., Limited, successfully launched the Orsova, a twin-screw steamer of approximately 12,000 tons gross register, specially designed for the Australian mail and passenger service of the Orient Line. The vessel is a steel-built steamer divided by ten water-tight bulkheads, her principal dimensions being, length, 552 ft.; breadth, 63 ft. 3 in.; and depth, 46 ft. The passenger accommodation has been planned to provide passengers with that comfort and luxury which is

nowadays so essential to the traveller, whether on pleasure or business bent.

Paris boasts of being the most modern city of the world, and, as regards her hotels, it must be agreed that she holds her own in every way. The most recent



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addition to its modern caravanserais was celebrated by the inauguration on the 10th inst. of the modernised Hôtel Chatham. Admirably situated between the Boulevard and the Rue de la Paix, this well-known house has been completely transformed and rebuilt, and while still guarding its charming air of comfort and welcome, it may be favourably compared with all the most modern hotels of to-day.

The price of the new 8-12-h.p. four-cylinder "F.N." car, complete with two-seated body, shown at Olympia, is £250, and not £175.

In our issue of Nov. 7 we published a portrait of Mr. F. B. Money-Coutts, stating that he was the author of "Famous Duels of the Fleet." Mr. H. B. Money-Coutts writes to tell us that we were misinformed, and that he, and not his father, is author of the book in question.

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CHESS.

PATT. HAUPT (Leipzig).—We lear we cannot give the space to repl. to our questions. But if you apply to Mr I M Brown, 12. Elmwood Laue, Leeds, he will probably be able to give you full information.

G STILLINGFLEFT JOHNSON (Cobbam). The composer of No. 3366 would be flattered with the knowledge that you found it such a nut to crack.

EINST MAUPE (Berlin: In your leading variation, if Black play 1. K to R 5th, White can proceed by either 2. Q takes P or Q to Kt 8th. You perhaps would like to remedy this.

HEREWARD .- Thanks for additional contributions.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the City of London Chess Club Championship
Tourname : between Messrs. W. WARD and J. P. SAVAGE.

	Queen's Paron Game.		
witte (Mr. W.)	BLACK (Mr. S.)	WHITE (Mr. W.)	BLA
L. P to O 4th	I' to Q 4th	19. Castles	QR
2. P to OB 4th	P to K 3rd	20. Q to Q 2nd	Pto
1. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Q R to Q sq	Ktt
1. B to Kt sth	B to K 2nd	22. O to K B 2nd	Pto
Park and	() Kt to () and	23. Kt to K 2nd	Q to
o Kt to B ad	P to Q Kt 3rd	24. Kt to Kt 3rd	Pto
J. Ptile P	P takes P	25. P to Q Kt 3rd	KK
S. Bu Kt sth	B to Kt and	26. K R to K sq	() to
. Ki to K 5th		27. B to B sq	Pto
1 to the game between Pillsbury		1 (4 Th - Th - T	Kt t
	. atmos . Carrieras a masses	los Dies L'est.	

, 1: 10 K 5111	1 % / 0 1 5 FEB 2 9 21]	1. 20 15 274
1 to the game between Pillsbury	28. P to B 4th	Kt to B 4th
at r. at Hastings, Steintz cites	20. P to K sth	
these very moves as giving a strong attack to White. The suggestion is that Black's sixth move is weak.	White now pushes safety, and rapidly close	s in on his opponent
Q. Castles	29.	Q to Q sq
	30. P takes P	Kt takes It P
10. B to B 6th B takes B	31. Q to Q 4th	Kt to Q 21.d
11. Kt takes B Q to K sq	32. Kt to K 4th	Q to Kand
12. Kt takes B (ch) Q takes Kt	33. B to Kt and	Kt takes B
13. Kt takes P	34. Q takes Kt	R to K B sq
White has gained much more than a Pawn	35. R to O B sq	P to Q R 4th
i i ese exchanges. There is already the	36. Q to Q 4th	R takes R
ness of a won game in his position,	37. R takes R	Q to Q sq
13. O to O 3rd	38. R to B 6th	Kt to Kt sq
13. Q to Q 3rd 11 Kt to B and P to Q B 4th	39. Kt to B 6th (ch)	K to Kt and
Ab callerge and only serving to	to. R to B sq	Q to K 2nd
and the agency of the ed Pawn. Kt 1	It. P to Kt 4th	Kt to O and
Q 4th seems as good as anything.	42. Kt takes Kt	Resigns
1 B to B 4th Q to B 3rd	Black's forty-first mos	ve was an oversight
16. P to Q 5th Q to Kt 2nd	but one in no wise aff	ecting the ultimate
1111 1 111 1 2011	would Itlant has been	An chart I

ORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3359 received from Amar Natti Bhattacharji (Sanhpur) and M Murias; of No. 3360 from Natti Bhattacharji, C A M (Penang, A Singha (Calcutta), and M Murias; of No. 3361 from A Singha, F J (Madrid), T George (Trinidad), R H Couper, and Devaprasad Bhattacharyya (Calcutta; of No. 3361 from Mrs. Kelly (Lympstone) Albert Wolff (Putney), H P Brunner (Reading, U.S.A.), and R Hicks (New York); of No. 3365 from R C Widdecombic (Saltash), J Jones (Salford), Albert Wolff, J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), Loudon McAdam (Southsea), and Ernst Mauer (Berlin).

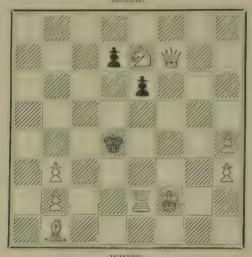
RECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3366 received from G Stillingfleet hason (Colbham), Sorrento, Nellie Morris (Winchelsea), J D Tucker kley), R Worters (Canterbury), F Henderson, A Groves, J Coad auxhall), and F Smart.

Solution of Problem No. 3365.—By R. Worters.

WHITE

1. Kt to B 3rd
2. Q to Kt 2nd
3. Kt or Q mates R takes P K takes R R takes R or K to K 5th If Black play r K to B 5th, 2. Q to B sq (ch); if r. P to Kt 7th, 2. R to (ch), etc.

> PROBLEM No. 3700. By Hereward. BLACK.



WHITE. White to play and mate in three moves.

"Seven Hundred and Seventy-Seven Chess Miniatures in Three," by E. Wallis (Springfield, Scarborough; price 2s. 6d.), is a collection of problems in which not more than seven men appear on the board. It follows the celebrated work of Blumenthal's, and apologetically accounts for itself as being one in which the difficulties of language—presumably to Englishmen—are overcome. The selection is undoubtedly a good one, and is not only drawn from all countries, but also from all periods in which the modern conventions of problem-construction have been recognised. We can heartily commend it to all lovers of the beautiful rather than the complicated in chess composition.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Two interesting changes in the pulpit life of West London will take place in the transference of the Rev. F. L. Boyd, Vicar of the Church of the Annuncition, Bryanston Street, to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, in succession to the late Rev. Prebendary Montagu Villiers; and of the Rev. Bernard Shaw, Vicar of Christ Church, Albany Street, N.W., to be Mr. Boyd's successor.

Much sympathy is felt for Bi hop Awdry, of South Tokyo, in his prolonged illness. He had hoped to sail for Japan in December, but his health has not improved during recent weeks; and the Archbishop of Canterbury agrees with his doctor that it will be best he should not undertake another voyage.

A great Church mission has been in progress in Liverpool. On Saturday, Nov. 7, the Bishop (Dr. Chavasse) welcomed the 120 missioners in the Cathedral Church of St. Peter. The Bishop reminded the missioners that they had come to a city "philanthropic to its very core; a city zealous in good works, which in seven years had contributed nearly £300,000 to the building of a cathedral." In fourteen years five hundred public-houses have been closed. At the same time, Dr. Chavasse added that the air in Liverpool is so full of materialism that the spiritual side of life is apt to be ignored. be ignored.

The Bishop of London enjoyed his recent visit to The Bishop of London enjoyed his recent visit to Cornwall, and especially his first sight of Truro Cathedral. "Men are always telling us," he remarked, "that the ages of faith are past, that we cannot do things now as men did of old, that the spirit of worship has died away, and that we have come to a generation of cheap churches and shallow Christianity. . . . We cannot find in London a complete answer to all that. There we are obliged to have churches as cheap as possible when forty are being built at once. To meet this particular accusation against the Church, we have to lead people to quiet Cornwall and point with pride to lead people to quiet Cornwall and point with pride to Truro Cathedral."

The Lord Mayor and Sheriffs attended the first lecture in the "Golden Lecture" course, given by [Continued overleaf.

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Prebendary Loraine at St. Margaret's, Lothbury. This foundation dates back to 1615. Prebendary Loraine, Vicar of Grove Park West, Chiswick, was a school-fellow and an intimate personal friend of Dr. Parker, of the City Temple.

Sir Hubert von Herkomer has been remarkably successful in his portrait of Canon and Mrs. Barnett, which is being unveiled this week by Mr. Asquith at Toynbee Hall. The Prime Minister is a very old friend of Canon and Mrs. Barnett, and has long been interested in the work of Toynbee Hall.

It is proposed to rebuild the south transept of Selby Abbey as a memorial of the seventeen years' work of Dr. Maclagan as Archbishop of the province. The Archbishop has expressed great satisfaction with the proposal, as he has always taken a special interest in the restoration of this beautiful

The service in connection with the Milton Tercentenary will be held in Bow Church, Cheapside, on the afternoon of Dec. 9. A feature is being made of the musical part of the service. Bow Church stands in the parish where Milton was born, though in 1608 the parish was known as All-Hallows, Bread Street. It has since been united with that of St. Mary-le-Bow.

Two new and delicious biscuits, the Scotch short-bread and the "Granola" digestive biscuit, have been placed on the market by Messrs. Macfarlane, Lang, and Co., of the Imperial Biscuit Works, London, and the Victoria Biscuit Works, Glasgow. The company, by the way, are biscuit-makers to the King and to the Emperor of Russia.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will and codicil, both made in March 1908, of THE will and codicil, both made in March 1905, of the RIGHT HON. SIR HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNER-MAN, of 10, Downing Street, and Belmont Castle, Meigle, N.B., who died on April 22, have been proved by the Right Hon. John Sinclair and his cousins Matthew Pearce Campbell and William Alexander Campbell, the value of the estate being £54,908. To his nephew James Campbell-Bannerman, who will succeed him in the Hunton Court estate, in Kent, he gives his nephew James Campbell-Bannerman, who will succeed him in the Hunton Court estate, in Kent, he gives all accrued and accruing rents thereof, and £2000; to his niece, Mary Isabella Bennett, £2000; to Mrs. Madge Henry, £500; to Captain Henry Bruce, £500; to "Peggy" Sinclair, £1000; to Blanche Frances de Hochtzke, £1000; to Frances Forbes. Aurelie Forbes, "Johnnie" Bruce, and Daisy Bruce, £250 each; and to the Right Hon. John Sinclair, his papers and letters, to be dealt with solely at his absolute discretion. The insignia of the Bath, his patents, warrants, etc., and the pictures, plate, and furniture, are to be held with Belmont Castle as heirlooms. The residue he leaves, in trust, for his grandnephew, James Hugh Campbell, on his attaining twenty-five, and in the meanwhile his mother, ing twenty-five, and in the meanwhile his mother, Mrs. Alice Eliza Campbell, is to have the income thereof and the use of Belmont Castle.

The will and codicil of MR. JOHN STEFANOVITCH SCHILIZZI, of 31. Cromwell Road, South Kensington, and Redcourt, Haslemere, are now proved, and the value of the property sworn at £2,114,574. He gives his two residences, with the furniture, etc., to his wife; £5000 to his niece Hypatia Lambrinudi; £1000 to the London Hospital; £1000 to his clerk, Thomas Ashby; legacies to servants; and the residue equally to his wife, son, and daughter.

The will (dated Oct. 25, 1897) of COLONEL SIR ROBERT NIGEL FITZHARDINGE KINGSCOTE, G.C.V.O.,

of Kingscote, Gloucester, and 19, South Audley Street, Paymaster to the Household of the King, was proved on Oct. 30 by his son and brother, the value of the property being £21,729. Subject to the legacy of £500 and the use of his town house to his wife, Sir Nigel leaves everything to his son, Nigel Richard Fitzhardinge Kingscote.

thing to his son, Nigel Richard Fitzhardinge Kingscote. The will of Mr. Ralph Creyke, of Rawcliffe Hall, Goole, late M.P. for York City, and High Sheriff of the County, who died on April 16, is proved by his widow and Colonel Arthur Henry Armytage, the value of the real and personal estate amounting to £226,869. The testator gives the wines and stores, horses and carriages, and the use for life of Rawcliffe Hall to his wife; £250 a year to his executor, Colonel Armytage; and the residue he settles on his son, Lieutenant Ralph Creyke. residue he settles on his son, Lieutenant Ralph Creyke, of the Scots Guards.

The following important wills have now been proved-

Mr. Hawtrey Collinssplatt, Brixton House, near Plymouth £,103,508 Mr. Robert Griffiths, West Hey, Hough Green, £83,843 Chester

£48,909

£44,806

£40,296

S Joan Finnie, 41, Devonshire Place, Brighton Miss Mr. William Clough, The Knowle, Keighley,

Mr. Charles Gordon Archer, Trelaske, Cornwall William Joseph Topp, 13 and 15, Plough

Road, Rotherhithe £39,307 John Farrington Crump, Victoria Terrace,

£37,380 £36,034 Admiral Richard Moorman, Exmouth Mr. William Barnard, Gray's Inn Place

£34,549 Mr. Robert Allen Nichols, 4, Lemna Road, Leytonstone

£33,150 Mr. Thomas Baker, Tong Lodge, near Shifnal Viscount Hawarden, White Hill Close, Headley, £32,745 £17,206

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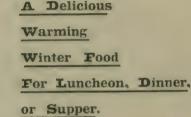
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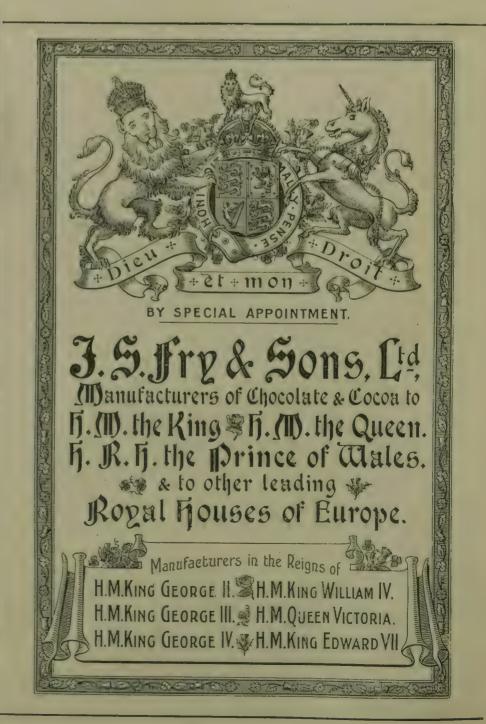
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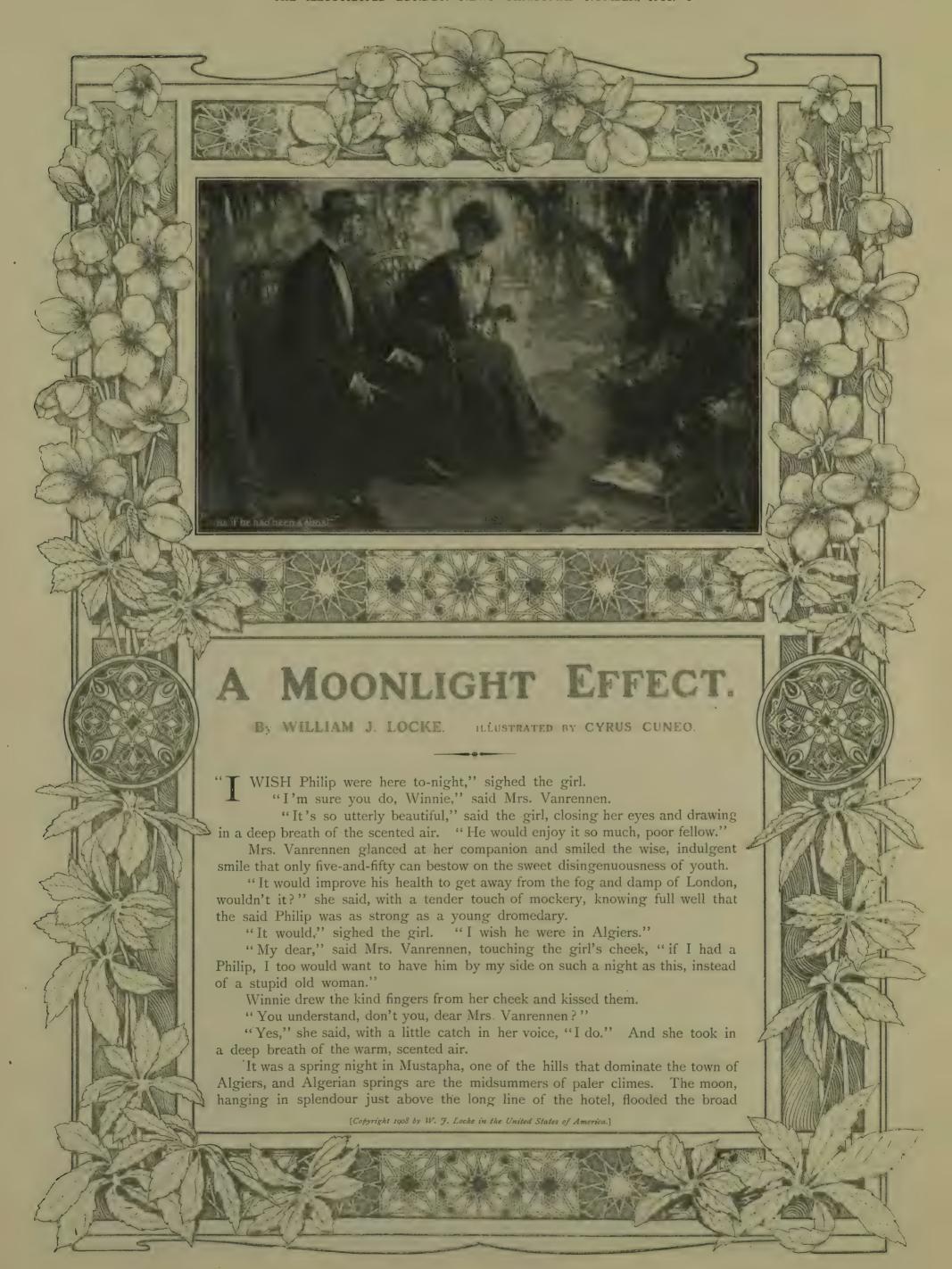
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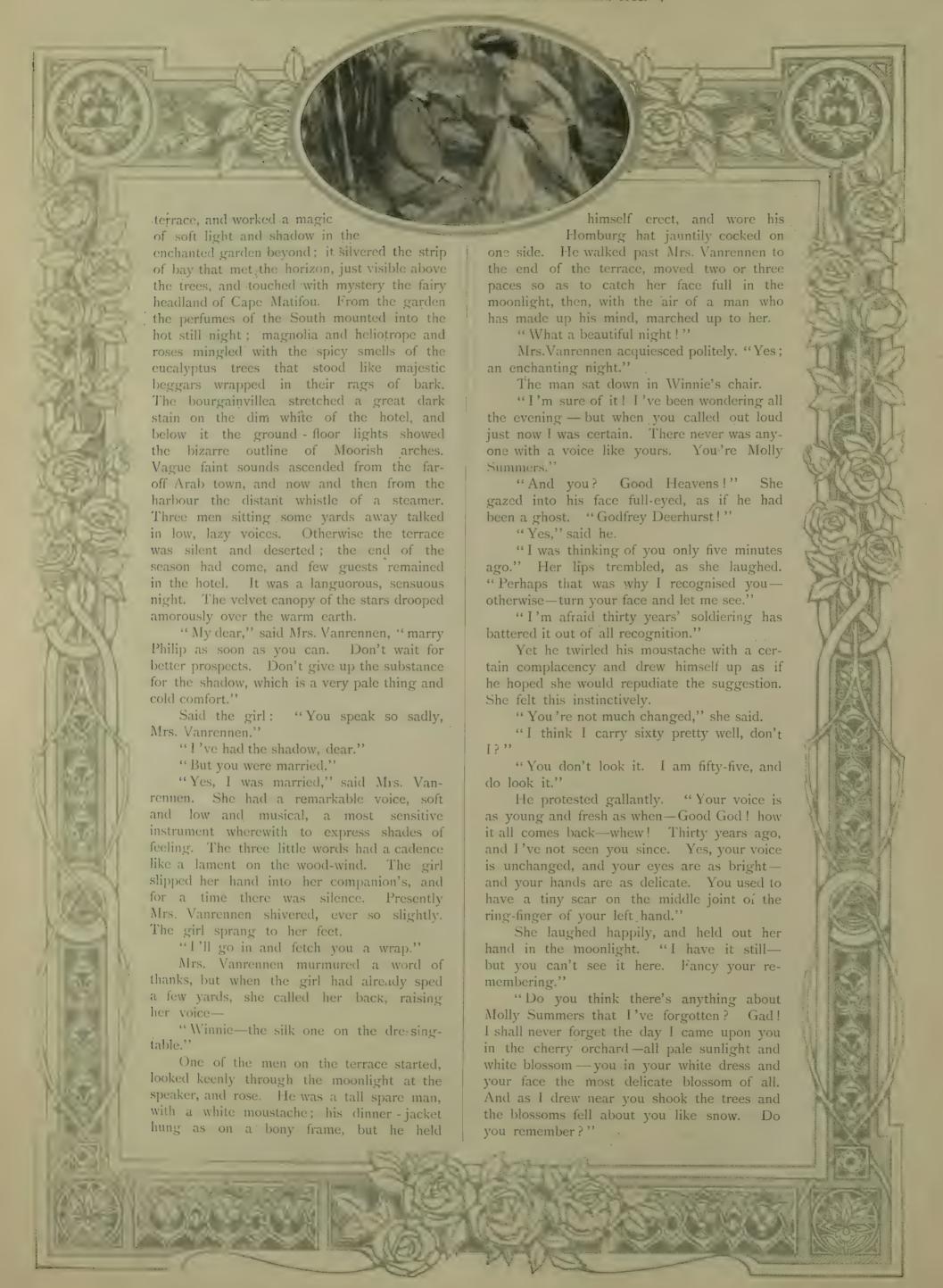
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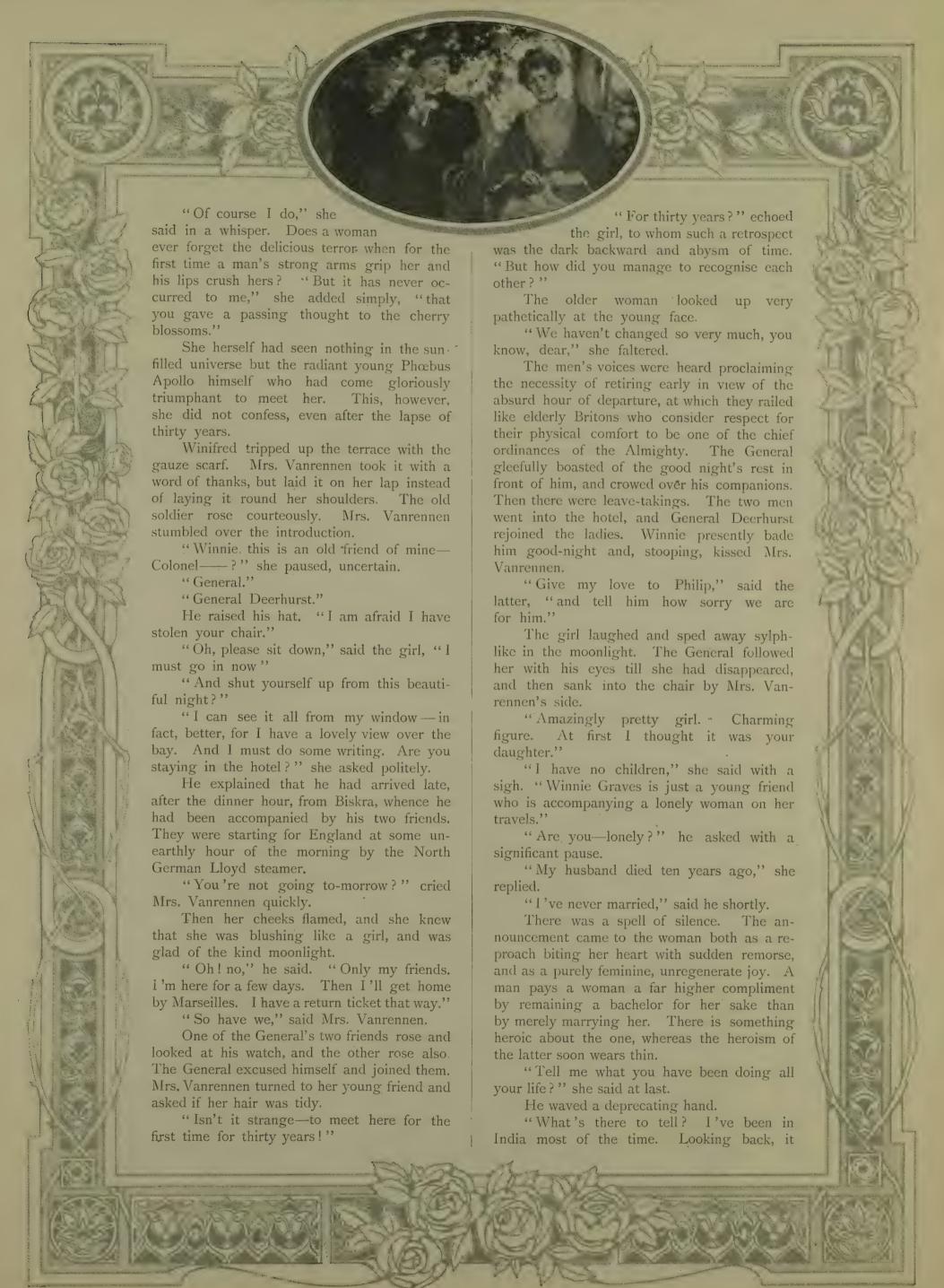
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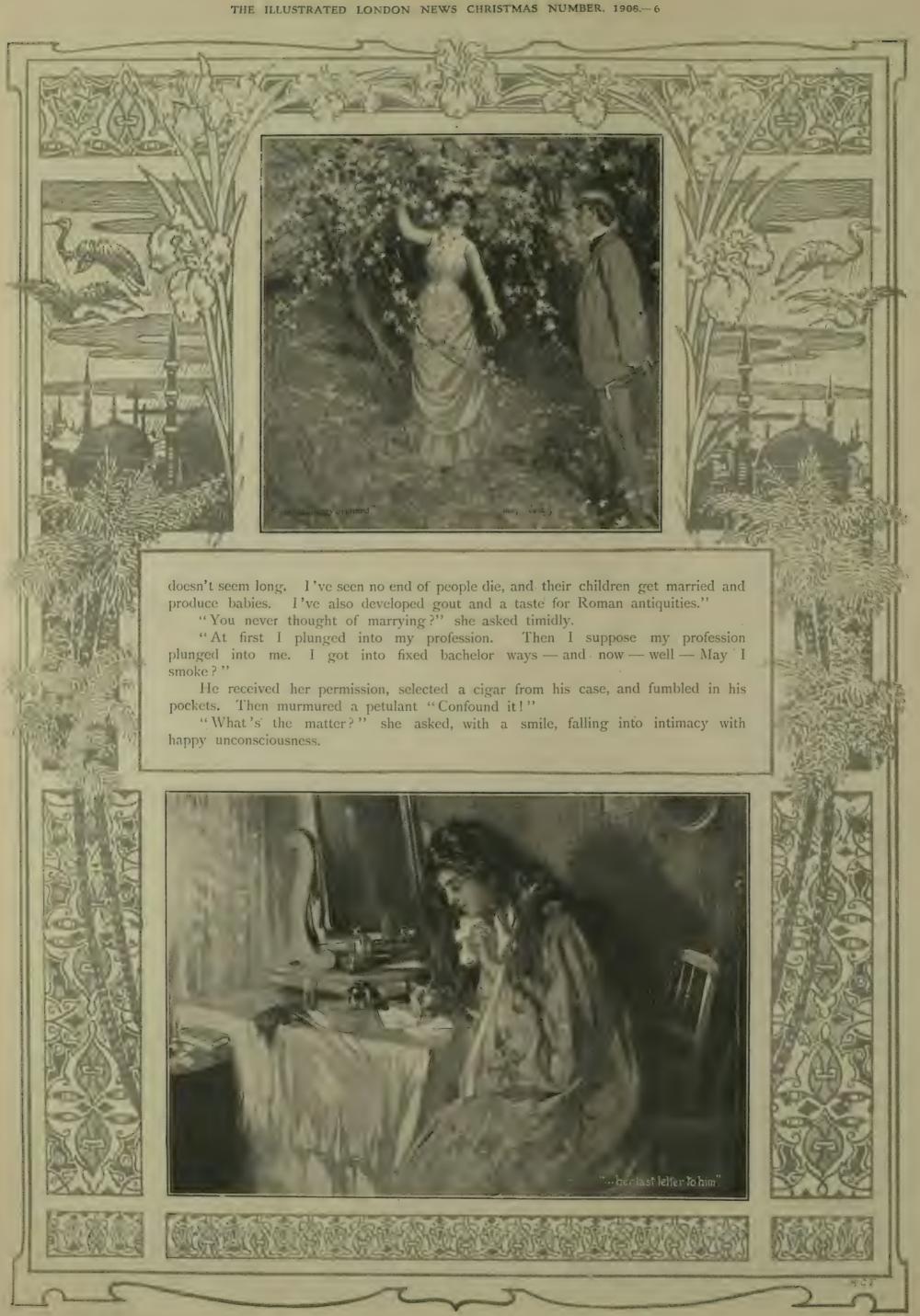


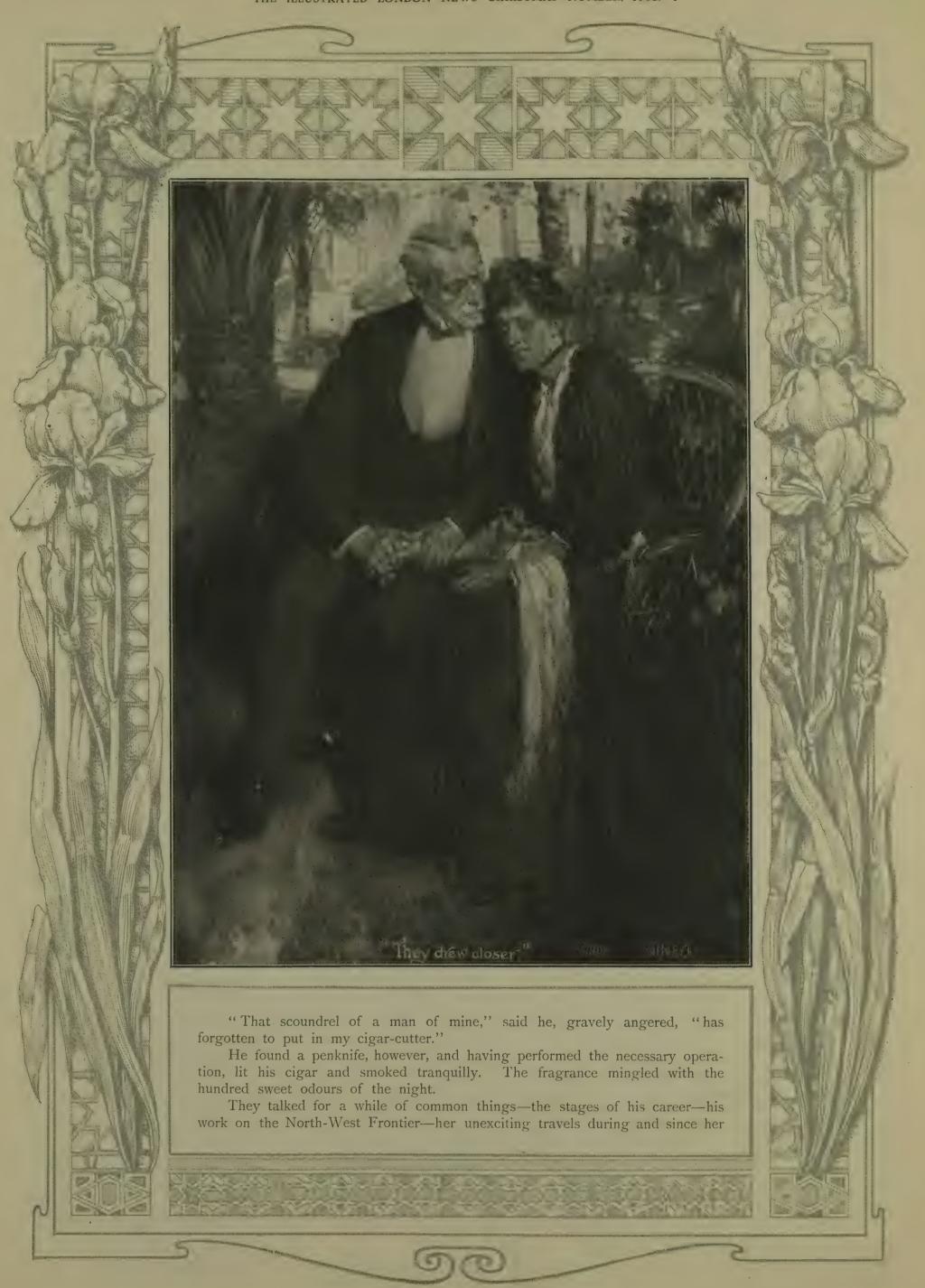


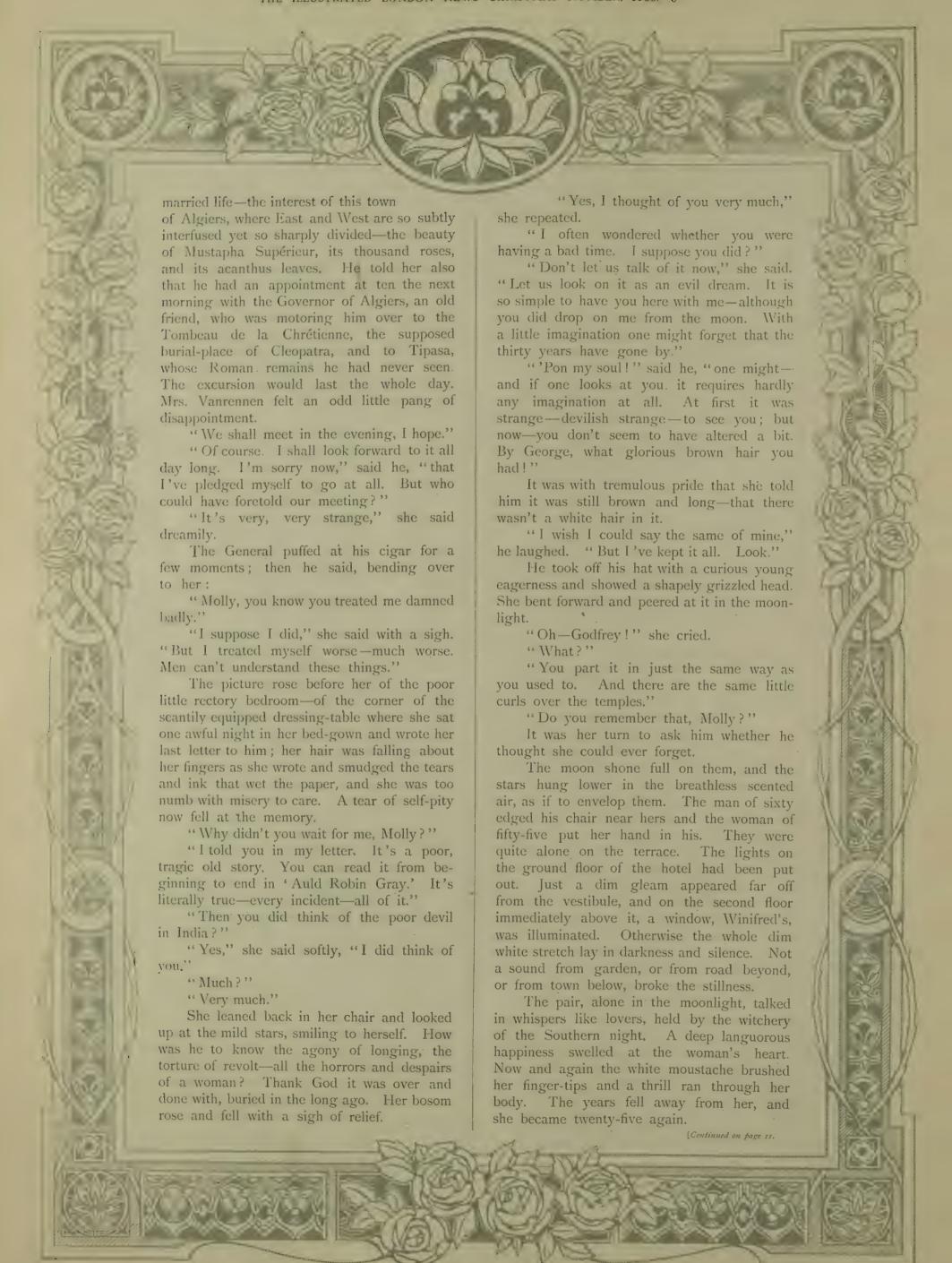












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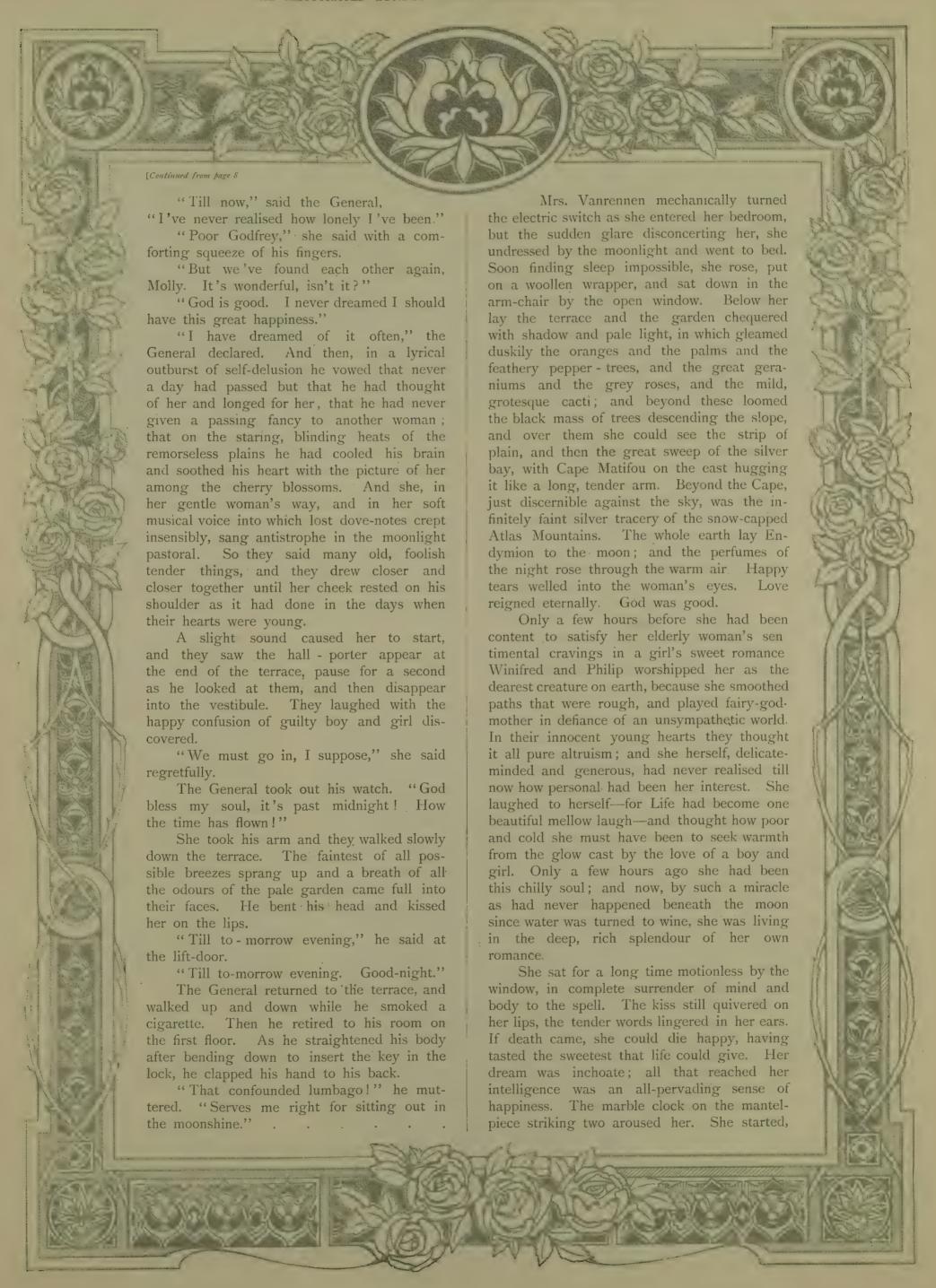
SIR GALAHAD IN QUEST OF THE GRAIL.

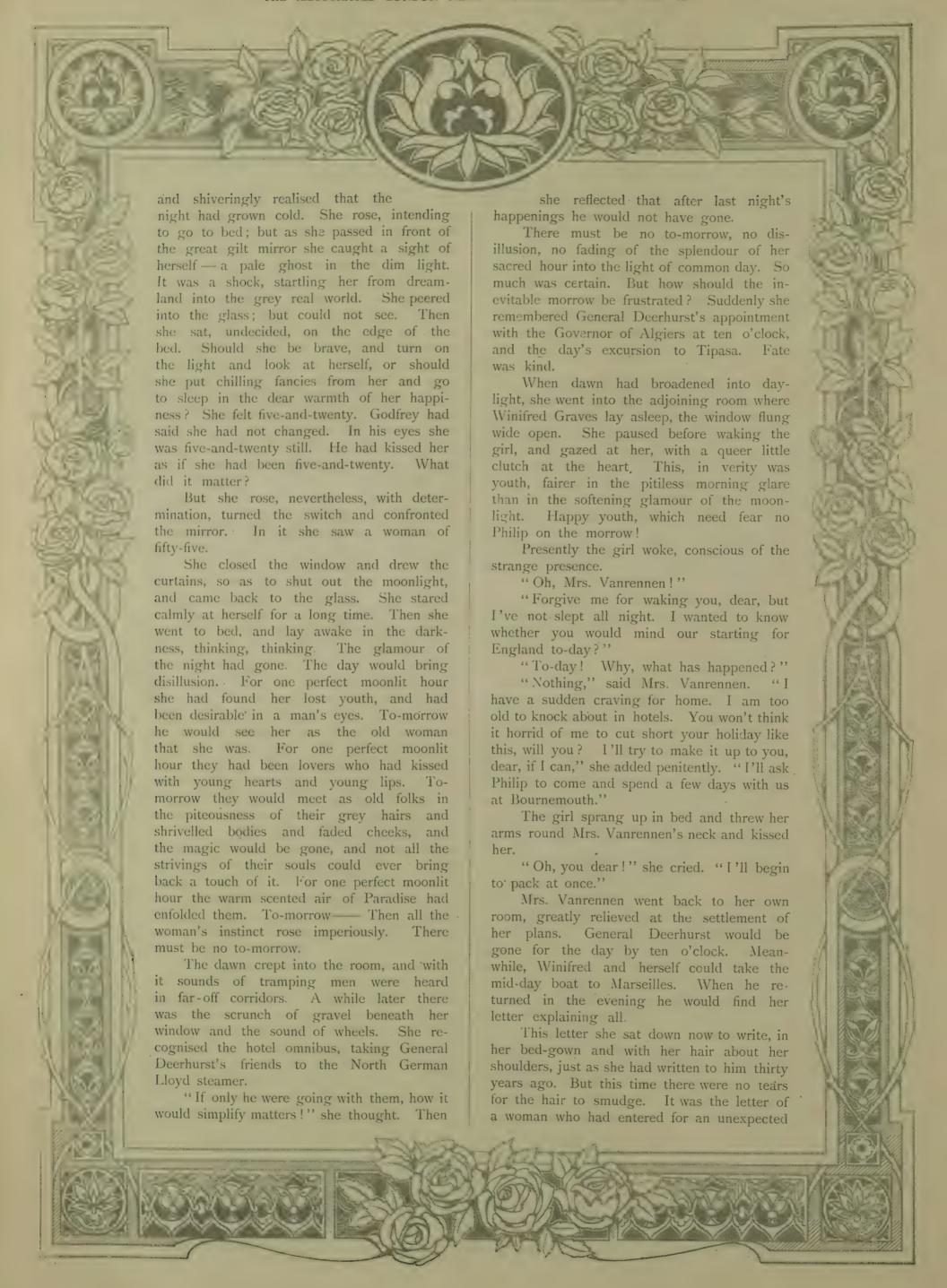
Through dreaming towns I go.

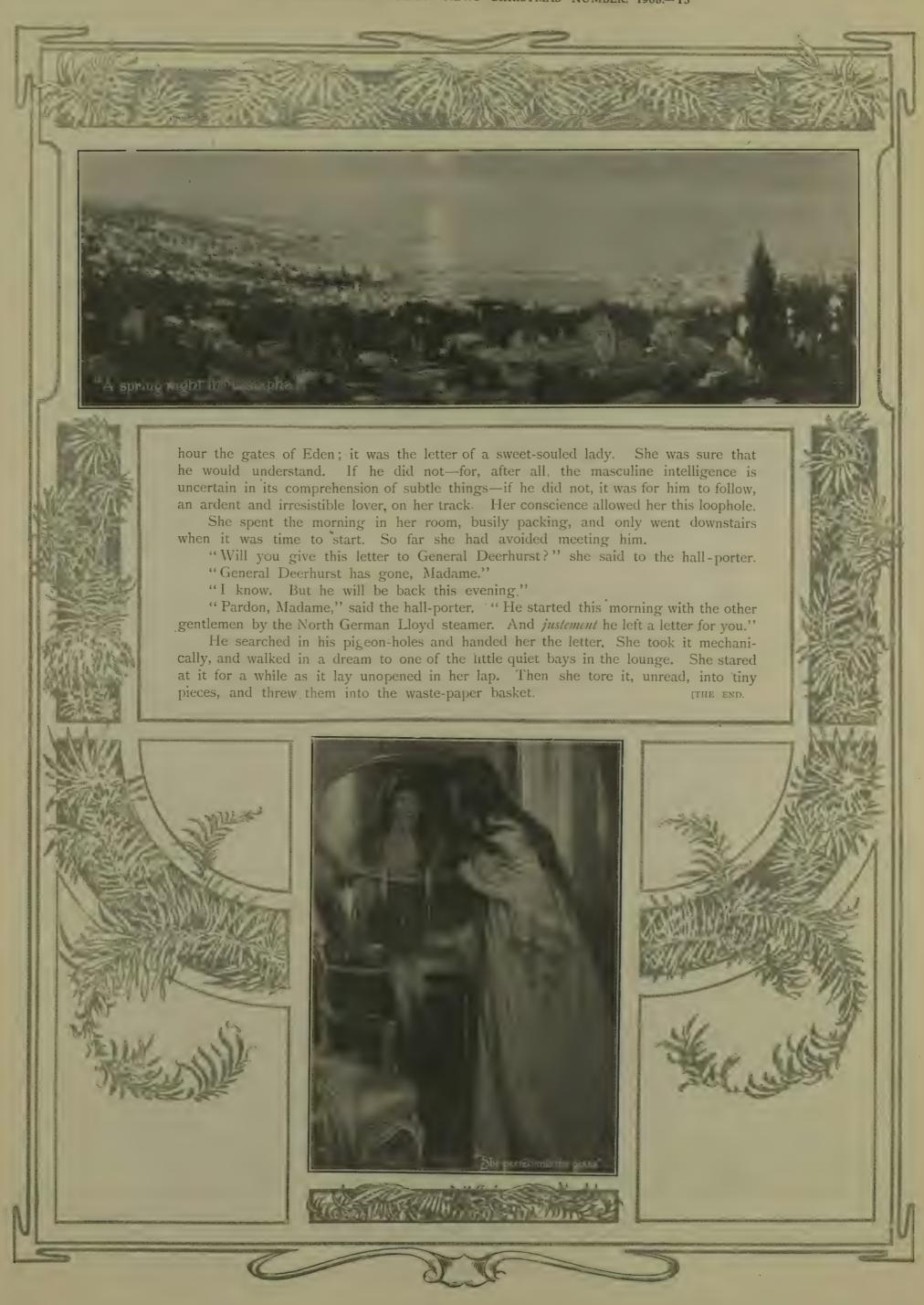
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn.

The streets are dumb with snow.

The tempest crackles on the leads
And, ringing, spins from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads
And gilds the driving hail.
—Tennyson.







COLD CHRISTMAS CHEER FOR THE KNIGHT OF THE ROAD.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.



THE BITER BIT.

WHEN WINE'S IN, WIT'S OUT.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



CHRISTMAS CHEER USED NOT WISELY BUT TOO WELL.

A CHRISTMAS TURKEY BY HOOK OR BY CROOK.



LIGHT-FINGERED MUST BE LIGHT-FOOTED.



WHEN TIME STANDS STILL.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.



"Queen Rose in a Rosebud Garden of Girls."



FIRESIDE GAMES FOR THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PARTY.



- 1. WHISPERING CHRISTMAS SECRETS: A GAME OF ENDLESS VARIATIONS,
 - To be played as the players please.
- 2. LET'S TALK TO THE BROWNIES.

Four little boys hide behind sofas and chairs while the others sing:

"Hist, hist, be still! On tiptoe now advance, We've come to have a merry Brownie dance.

We will make one circle here, stepping lightly, for we tear We may wake the sleeping earth, perchance"

At the second line of the song the little boys re-enter the ring and dance.

- 3. CHRISTMAS PIE: GUESSING THE INGREDIENTS.
 - The children sing: "We're going to make a Christmas pic, (Repeat three times.)

 And what will you put in it?"

Then each describes some material for the pie, and the others guess what it is.

The child who has most correct guesses receives a pie,

- 4 LIVING STATUES.
 - A game of infinite variations, which explains itself.
- 5 GRANDMOTHER IN THE RING.

The children dance round "Grandmother," who wears a hood. She chooses one child, to whom she gives a sugar plum, and that child in turn becomes "Grandmother."

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Here comes the Dustman, stepping so softly, Stealing along on the tips of his toes; And he scatters the sand From his own little hand. In the children's eyes as he goes.



The Man in Possession.

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A TALE OF TAILORS' CHIVALRY.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.





NO ESCAPE FOR THE PRISONER.



PICKING OFF THE PICKET.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LAWSON WOOD.



wild wolf of a man, this brigand, this pirate, this father of all outlaws . . . why has history done no better by him? Read upon the scrolls of Cressy and Poitiers the peans of prince and archer; but you shall not read of Bertrand. The fruits of barren victories, of battles but not of war, the glory of men and arms serve the recorder for his banquet; but not the story of Bertrand du Guesclin. And yet what a life for some later-day son of Froissart.

some probing scholar, who, lantern and muck - rake in hand, will delve where Bertrand ruled; will search the scrip that Spain and France may hide, and say, "This was the true Constable of France, this was the real figure of the Hundred Years' War."

Let me tell you of Bertrand and Margaret of Angoulême, that by one incident in a life of lives your imagination shall

answer for the others.

This would have been when Edward's son ruled in Guienne, after that he had defeated the French at Poitiers and seemed to make himself master of all France. Here you shall find no chivalry at all, no warfare that knights should have made; but a going to and fro of a troop of bandits to rapine, robbery, and murder. Was not this great country of the Garonne then, as now, the fairest and richest in all France? Do we not read that the houses of Bordeaux surpassed even those of Paris in their emblems of civilisation and of comfort? A great, spreading, fertile land, the home of nobles and of merchants, of rich vineyards and smiling fields-to this Edward, the Black Prince, carried his wife Joanna, and here that amiable lady must often have wished herself back in England again, when carousal followed upon victory and debauch upon fair fame.

There can be no shilly-shally when these years are to be discussed, nor any talk of Cressy and Poitiers to hide their shame. As a band of guerillas, the Prince's knights spread themselves abroad over fair Guienne; as a troop of outlaws they behaved towards its simple people. Costly plate, rare furniture, splendid carpets, unknown almost in Western Europe at that time, were heaped up in their plunder-wagons. Many a house mourned a daughter as dead; many a wife was carried to the English tents that her husband might live. And this, behold, under the ægis of Edward's son, whose tomb you visit in that "fayre church of Canterbury,"

whose sword for very shame lies no longer in its scabbard. Now, all these things were done after that the Black Prince had

taken King John a prisoner, and his father had come to believe that he was lord of France beyond all contention betwixt the nations. In truth

As a troop of

outlaws they be-

haved towards its

simple people.

the son of a simple soldier of Rennes, who had adventured in many lands, defeated Charles the Bad of Navarre at Cocherel, and been taken prisoner at the battle of Nayera by the very Prince he was so soon to humiliate. This was Bertrand of Guesclin, the bandit soldier, the burner of castles, the destroyer of towns-to the French but half a hero; to the English a very devil appointed by the Powers of Darkness for the undoing of their pleasures.

No longer, now, was this fair game of love and wine to be played in all delight upon the banks of noble Garonne.

Let a Knight of the Silver Spur drag a maid to his tent, and perchance his body would swing from the nearest tree to-morrow. Let the Prince take a fancy to this castle or that; and be sure Master Bertrand would fling a torch at it before the month was out. Skirmish and counter-skirmish, men slaughtered at their love or liquor, soldiers struck down before the altars, towns pillaged, churches burned—this was the campaign they waged in Guienne while Poitiers was upon every tongue and Cressy yet a famous, victory. Here spy out a new marvel for the historian. We read of no concerted action upon the part of Edward's son and his knights to rid themselves of a marauder so dangerous. Raids there were, wild foray and counter foray, but of campaigning no true evidence. In truth, the Black Prince appears to have been too well pleased with the wines and the luxury of the South to have made any move against the merry Bertrand. His one encounter with the famous raider is a story of a woman's passion and a woman's sacrifice. But it does the Prince no great credit, as all the records bear witness.

Now, this would have been when the English Court was kept at Angoulême, and the Lady Margaret of that city passed almost for a saint. Her rare beauty has been sung down through the stories, and we shall not quarrel with the poets who acclaim her. But of her virtue to doubt. Certain is it that every knight in the Black Prince's entourage made love in turn to saintly Margaret, and that the Prince himself, notwithstanding the charms of the gentle Joanna, engaged in a modest but amorous dalliance with her. How far this was carried or to what lengths it might have gone we are not concerned to know; but just at the very

moment when the tongues wagged busiest, what should happen but that the Bishop sent Margaret out of the town, and the Prince and his knights were left to mourn her at their leisure.

This was a drastic thing to do, perchance no gallant one; and even the Bishops of those days were not guiltless sometimes of a little



[Cofyright, 1905, by Max Pemberton.]

sacerdotal, if harmless, gallantry. But the Bishop of Angoulême had an excellent, if mistaken excuse when the Prince charged him with the banishment of the amorous Margaret.

"There are those among her kinsmen," said he, "who have to do with the outlaw Gueselin. My honour owes it to your Highness that she shall dwell no longer in Angoulême."

This was vague enough and far from satisfying to the Prince, who knew very well that the Bishop had acted prudently, and that there were other and more valid reasons for the banishment of the Lady Margaret. The daughter of one of the oldest nobles in Guienne, the

wife of that Count of Libourne



and the Black Prince, we may imagine, was not displeased to discover her whereabouts presently, and put her loyalty to the test. This he did just a month after he had quitted the town, and so secretly that none but his faithful servitor, John of Abingdon, was able to give a true account of that adventure.

There had been hunting in the forest all day, we read, and toward sunset the ride had carried the company toward the Hermitage, where dwelt an ancient man sufficiently holy and sufficiently dirty to justify the favour and the patronage of the devout. This worthy, with his wonderful gift of plain speech and of prophecy, attracted some of the knights to his hut as much in the spirit of revelry as of the true religion; but the Prince himself slipped away with John of Abingdon, and, losing himself cleverly, he came out at last before the old Castle of Charras, and seemed to remember, as though by accident, that Margaret of Angoulême had taken refuge therein.

"Did not the good Bishop speak of this as my lady's retreat?" he asked the honest fellow at his side — and was answered as readily.

"He thus spoke of it, Highness -- but not a retreat for any other when the sun is setting and Bertrand du Guesclin may be abroad."

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"Tell me not of such things," rejoined the Prince sharply, "Bertrand was at Aigre three days gone - who shall look for him at Charras? Go wind your horn and say that I am here.'

Old John of Abingdon knew his master too well to hesitate upon such a precise command. And yet he liked the look of the place but ill. They were in the heart of the forest here. Giant oaks bent crippled boughs downward to the melting turf, which, in its turn, showed great patches of the golden sunshine, as though they had been dropped from a mighty brush in the heavens above. Continuing vistas of glade and dell opened on every side; a little river ran laughingly by the very walls of that bleak tower they called the Castle, and was spanned by a bridge the Romans builded. Save for the baying of the intruded upon the bewitching silence of the forest. The good Bishop had chosen a pretty place enough for my Lady's orisons, it would appear-and so the Prince thought while he waited for his answer. A rendezvous more secluded no lover had desired.

"Well, and what say they?"

"That my Lady is not here, Lord Prince."

"A lie, a barren lie; answer that I will even enter and prepare for her return."

And then a little pause again, and the doffed cap and the face of honest John drawn down in melancholy.

"She is here, Lord, but she would that it were any other than your Highness."

"The better reason which shall take us in. Was there ever a

woman that knew her mind yet? Stable my horse where he shall stand to my hand-and, hark ye! your place is at the wicket, where a winded horn shall call me to my senses if the need arise."

John of Abingdon nodded sagely, and was not displeased that his Prince should contemplate no long delay nor be insensible to those words of wisdom which he himself had spoken. The Prince, upon his part, found my Lady in the private apartment of the Castle, a considerable lodging beyond the donjon keep, and furnished with no little elegance in a day when elegance had little to do with any dwelling-house. Here, as the old chronicle tells us, he did obeisance to her, and here he discovered upon the instant that guilty secret which had carried her to the forest.

A man stood by my lady's chair, and, deep as were the shadows within the great apartment, the Prince recognised him for no other than Bertrand du Guesclin, the mighty freebooter whom his armies had sought so long in vain. To one less brave than Edward's son there would have been all the omens of a snare here—armed men hidden, and this pretty Delilah to do him a mischief. But the Prince knew Margaret of Angoulême; he believed, which was the truth, that she

loved him; and if his love of her were less to be reckoned upon, at least his indifference might play no coward's part. So, we hear, he bowed to the Constable, and spake a fair message.

"Madame," he said discreetly, "you find me lost at your gate, and my servants in no better case—so let this be my offence to beg wine and bread until all be ready to ride on again."

"Lord Prince," she rejoined, "so much I give willingly if your departure may thereby be hastened, for here is no fit house for your Highness to abide."

"Nay, nay-since you are here, lady, there shall be no fairer house in France." And then he said, looking the Constable full in the face, "I speak plainly

before this gentleman, whose presence evidently is unwelcome to you." "No, no, Lord," she cried; "Monsieur du Guesclin was my

"And will go or come at the bidding of none," added the freebooter impudently.

He stepped forth from the shadows and laid a heavy hand upon that famous sword by which so much glory had come to the name of Guesclin. No element of tragedy was lacking to that scene of passion and of hate-no element save a man's homage to a woman who loved him and a word spoken as none but a king might speak it.

"In my lady's presence, Sir," said the Prince, "such argument is unseemly. There are wider fields whereon it shall be held to some advantage. Let Madame say the word-I will go or stay as her wish shall be."

"My Lord," she said quickly, "there is no house which would receive you so willingly at any other time than this-"

"You wish me to leave you, Madame?"

father's friend."

She would have answered him "Yes"; the word was already upon her tongue, when a coarse laugh from the freebooter at her side changed the impulse and betrayed all her fear of him. So much



The Prince himself slipped away with John of Abingdon.

absence from the town, so was a

latent passion awakened by this desire of possession upon the part of another. Now for the first time in all his life the Prince perceived how very beautiful this noble lady was. The wonderful softness of her

skin, the shapely neck, the abundant auburn hair curled in threads of gold about her shoulders, the little hands and feet, the amorous eyes—all these provoked a man but yesterday unprovoked by her, and thrust him still upon her unwilling hospitality.

"I perceive that you wish me to leave you, mistress, when this gentleman shall be willing to accompany me," he said. "Let him deny it not, for thus is the truth. He has put the word into your mouth, but it is a bitter word and you like it not. So shall I answer for you and even venture to loosen the cloak from my shoulders. There are friends enough of mine at your gate should you have need of them."

Bertrand du Guesclin, they say, laughed loudly at this; for well he knew that no escort had followed Edward's son to Charras.

"So many," cried he, "that a manchet of bread shall suffice them and a second bottle go untasted. Let my Lord look me in the face and say that it is not so. He comes here with John of Abingdon as I with the Sieur of Marney. Nay, Lord Prince, do you deny it?"

shall suffice if you do go speedily. But an you go not, by God's word I will hang you from the nearest tree."

He had turned to the door and there listened impatiently. As for Margaret of Angoulême, she who loved this English lord so well, what thoughts were in her heart when she heard the message which the forest now spake to them and knew that her lover would abide with her? Did she foresee the moment when she might tell the Prince how this Bertrand du Guesclin had come to her house by treachery, how she had dissembled for very prudence' sake, and how she had feared and suffered in the hours of the doubt? Or did her woman's wit read the omens truly? The narrative tells us that she stood white and afraid between them—that she uttered no word, even when a great cry rose up, and all heard the savage shouts which betrayed the outlaw's band.

"My Lord," says Bertrand suavely, "there is some error here—for I do plainly perceive that these be men of my company, and not those



Here, as the old chronicle tells us, he did obeisance to her, and here he discovered upon the instant that guilty secret which had carried her to the forest.

"I deny it not," exclaimed the Prince, turning upon him scornfully; "I come with John of Abingdon; but an you speak no softer, Sir, there are those at my call who will ride here for very curiosity."

"Bringing, Lord Prince, men of mine who shall not be less curious."

He drew a step nearer to the Prince, and once more laid his hand upon his sword. God knows what would have befallen but for my lady's prudence; but she, clapping her hands suddenly, brought two of her servants to the room and they began to spread the table as though they were prepared and the delay unexpected. When next we have a picture of the apartment, it is one of a hall lighted by many tapers, adorned by rare plate and odorous of good cooking. And there is my lady, white and frightened, between two who have desire of her; and neither speaks of riding forth again. This would have been about the hour of ten o'clock of the night. It was half an hour later when a horn, winded in the forest, brought the Prince to his feet and left Bertrand du Guesclin as curious a man as any in Guienne that night.

"Sir," said the Prince with much dignity, "I do perceive that a certain curiosity has got the better of my servants, even as I feared it would be. Fear nothing, however, for I have broken bread with you and will do no treachery. North or south, any sanctuary you name

honourable friends whose coming would have given you so much satisfaction. Is it not so, Lord Prince?"

"It is so," said the Prince-but so disdainfully that my lady trembled for his very life.

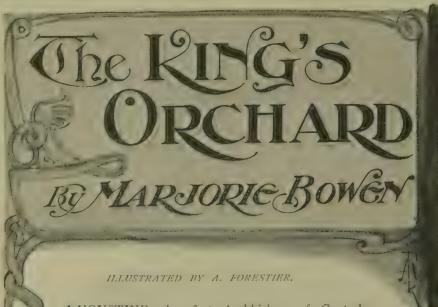
"And being so, Highness, it is you who shall go forth to sanctuary, or hang upon one of yonder trees before the hour is old."
"I go not, Bertrand—call them in that they may obey you."

"Nay, nay," cried my lady, her eyes wild with terror and all the colour fled instantly from her face, "you will go, Lord, because I wish it."

"You wish it, Madame-lies this wish in love of me?"

"Nay," she rejoined, "in love of him who was my father's friend." And so she turned and, as the old narrative tells us, put her arms about Guesclin's neck, kissed him upon both cheeks, and bade him abide.

Thus did a woman drive her lover forth shamefully that she might save him from his enemy. But this is the greater wonder that the Prince rode forth believing her to be wholly a wanton and unworthy, and knowing nothing of any other story until the very minstrels sang it in their ballads, and no cup was lifted in the English camp but first had served the memory of Margaret of Angoulême.



UGUSTINE, the first Archbishop of Canterbury, leant against the bare white wall of his room in the palace of the King of Kent. The chamber was in shadow, but through the deep, square window showed the King's orchard, ablaze with sun; the gnarled trees, a grey green, bent to the grass under the vivid golden apples; through the yellow, burning leaves the sky showed in strange little shapes of bright blue; the room was close with the odour, faint and sweet, of apples.

At a desk in a corner sat a slender clerk in a gown as white as the wall behind him; in front of him lay an open vellum book, and his pale face was intent on a curious purple wild-flower, with a mottled petal curled over like a lip, that he had before him in a green glass. A reed pen was in his hand, and about him little saucers of liquid colours.

The only sound was a robin, singing harshly in the apple-boughs without.

Augustine picked up a little book of hours from the low bench beside him, and turned over the pages, stiff with plated gold, silver, and much fine painting of prayers and embroidery of flowers. As the parchment rustled under his fingers, the door opened, and there entered Fabricius, the brother of the Archbishop, treading softly. In the glowing cool whiteness of the room, his figure showed richly dark; his fine silk-woven clothes were of dull orange, purple, blue, and green, his girdle of heavy, rough gold stones, linked with curious carvings. He smiled at his brother in the pleasan!, sleepy manner he had, and seated himself on a stool and leant his dark head against the white wall.

"You write to his Holiness?" he said.

"I have written, certainly," answered Augustine.

The black eyes of Fabricius turned to that picture framed by the deep-set windows, the riot of flaming apples, the burning blue, and the robin hopping on the boughs that bent above the golden grass.

"You had good tidings to send, verily," he said. "So Kent hath been converted, even easily," he laughed. "How many, brother, followed the example of the King?'

"Even ten thousand," said Augustine. "Nearly all the people

"It was easy," answered his brother. "Now, by St. Honor, would not have it so. Lo! the time hangeth wearily - these

pagans leave their old gods carelessly-where is our work?"

Augustine frowned.

"Kent is not Britain, certainly. Lo! there are other kingdoms," he said. "Those will we convert presently."

Fabricius looked from the apple orchard to his brother.

"The Prince of Northumbria-he who complaineth the King of Mercia hath seized his dominions, he who demanded help

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At a desk in a corner sat a slender clerk.

from the King of Kent earnestly-what of him?"

Augustine was silent. Fabricius laughed.

"The good King said to him, 'Lo! hate I Ethelfrid of Mercia perfectly-stole he once my daughter. I will aid ye-even I-but first ye must worship the god of the Romans; and the Prince of Northumbria swore on his sword-hand he would serve any god faithfully-yea, even

an ugly little wooden god or an evil, vicious god, so the King of Kent would help him to his throne."

Fabricius laughed again. The clerk looked up from his painting and brushed away a yellow butterfly (that had drifted in through the wide

window) from his white sleeve.

Augustine beat his hand with a soft impatience against the arm of his chair.

"It is no matter for jest," he said. "Nay, nor for laughter. Have we not here a means of converting Northumbria - which is, I think, a great kingdom?"

"And a pagan is King of it!" answered Fabricius. "Even Ethelfrid of Mercia-and this poor Prince is a beggar."

He smiled down at his shapely brown hand, where the butterfly had settled.

"This Prince must be helped," said Augustine imperiously, "with men and arms heartily-for the sake of Rome; the King of Kent is willing."

"He offered his help gladly-yet his is a little kingdom compared to Mercia- and lo! is not this butterfly marked even wonder-

fully-with rings and a great purple eye in each wing? 'Tis a Prince, I think—in robes of State."

Augustine turned his keen eyes sharply on his brother.

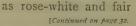
"Leave thy fooling, Fabricius-this is a thing must be viewed seriously. Lo! I must even to the King now-'tis near the time." He "Octavian, leave thy book and follow me."

The butterfly fluttered away out of the window. Augustine, the Archbishop, left the chamber with the clerk behind him.

The stillness of the sunny afternoon was almost oppressive. The Knight rose and went to the desk where the unfinished book lay.

The lines for the lettering were ruled in faint red across the page, which was wreathed with a border of flowers and angels.

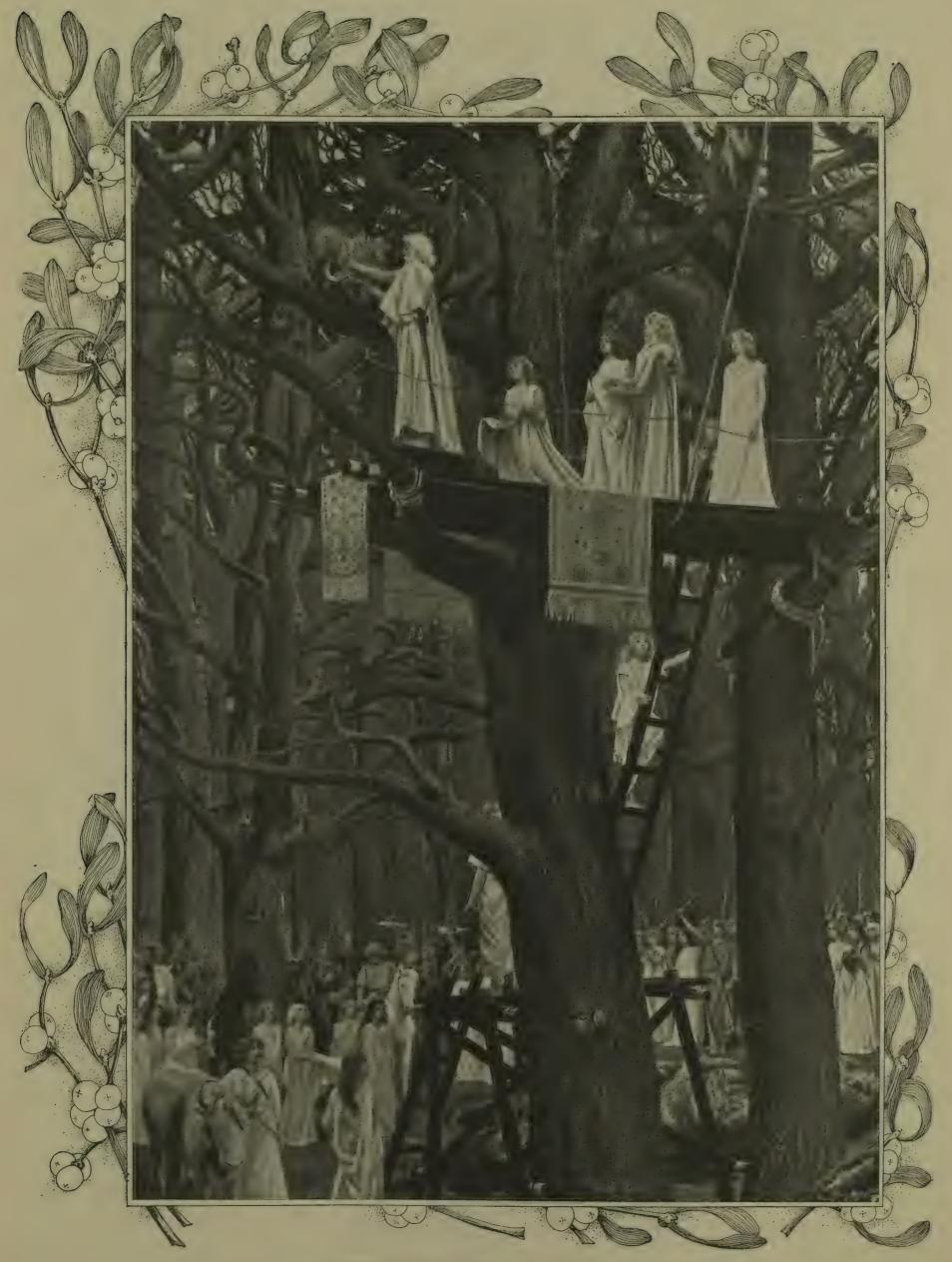
Fabricius compared the copy of the curious purple blossom with the original in the green glass, and so intent was he on this that he did not notice that the door had been very softly opened and shut, and that a woman was gazing at him. She was tall, her gown was of light blue, and was girdled close under the bosom by a silver belt; a silver net confined her pure gold hair; she was





He smiled at his brother in the pleasant, sleepy manner he had,

THE SACRED BOUGH OF YULE.



CUTTING THE MISTLETOE IN DRUIDICAL DAYS.

as flesh may be, and her eyes were of the colour of the brilliant azure that shone through the apple-leaves in the King's orchard.

As she moved slowly across the floor he heard her footstep, and turned:

"Brice!" he said.

Her laugh broke out delightfully.

"Did leave the court so suddenly?" she said.

"I was wearied by Cadwalla the Prince of Northumbria's talk, verily."

Brice, Earl Redwald's daughter, came nearer.

"Was it because he smiled at me?"

She rested her round elbows on the top of the desk and looked down at him.

"Now, by St. Honor," said Fabricius, "I did not know he smiled at you."

Her red lips pouted.

"He did—is he not a well-looking Prince? Does he not always smile at me?"

"Oh, verily," smiled the Roman.

"And as I stood behind the Queen's chair to-day, he looked at me—oh, constantly, and smiled——" She glanced at Fabricius covertly.

"And have I not looked at you—oh, constantly?" he answered—"and have I not

She came round the desk. Fabricius took hold of her two white, soft hands, and gently drew her down beside him on the

smiled?"

"You are like the apples without," he said. "All golden, sun-warm, and tair, Rrice"

He still held her hands, and kissed them as he spoke.

"Art bold," said Earl Redwald's daughter.

"I am not bold enough," he answered, "or it had been thy lips, certainly."

He let go of her hands and leant forward on the desk among the reed pens and saucers of colours.

"Brice," he said, "how long have you been a Christian, truthfully?"

"Ever since my lord came to court," she replied, looking away.

"A month!" he laughed. "Art a pagan at heart now, certainly." She shook her head.

"No-am a good Christian, in verity."

Fabricius picked up one of the pens, smiling.

"Look at this fair book, Brice."

Her blue eyes lifted to his and glanced at the open page before her.

"Prayers, Brice; could you read them?"

She bent over the book.

"Oh, 'tis a picture of the little flower!" Her rosy finger rested on the page; she looked up in delight. "It is like—even wonderfully."

Fabricius of Ravenna was gazing at her.

"I will paint you, Brice, under the flower-before the good clerk returns to finish his angels," he smiled.

"Canst do it?" she questioned. "Paint my face truthfully?"

"By St. Honor-not truthfully," he answered.

With a pen dipped in red he drew an oval among the outlined tracery of angels and blossoms.

"The Archbishop will be angered, bitterly," murmured Brice, "to see a profane creature among holy things."

"Maybe," said Fabricius. "Give me the yellow colour, even hastily, lest he comes."

She obeyed, watching him with a half-frightened interest. He drew her hair and washed it in in pure yellow. "Is it that colour?" she said breathlessly.

He tinted the oval pink, and while it dried drew in her dress. Brice leant very close to him; her finger-tips were on his arm, the blue gown pressed against his silk sleeve.

"How can I paint your face when you are behind me?" he asked.

"Canst remember me?" she said, bending eagerly over him.

He drew her features; two blue eyes, a red mouth, a straight e. . . .

"Am not so beautiful," said Brice, with a catch in her breath; he looked up at her sharply; she moved back against the white wall, with her hand on her bosom; it seemed that she was of a sudden pale, Fabricius of Ravenna dropped the pen and rose.

"Would I were back in Ravenna," he said with a half smile.

"Art weary of Britain?" she questioned timidily.

He seated himself in Augustine's chair.

"I know not." He held out his hand. "Come here, Brice."

She crossed the room and stood beside him, leaning against the back of his chair; she gazed round the white room and out upon that picture of the burning orchard.

"Tell me of thy city of Ravenna," she said beneath her breath.

"I cannot in verity." He looked up at her. "Is a holy place-

"The saints that dwell in Ravenna
In white and blue and gold,
Encircle Holy Ravenna
With blessings mani-

fold.

Ravenna
(Oh, but my heart was sore!)

I beheld the saints of Rayenna Shine through the Abbey door.

"And peace I found in Ravenna,

After the strife in Rome,
And the holy saints of

Ravenna
Smiled on my quiet home.''

Brice stood very silent; against the shaded, glowing whiteness of the wall her yellow hair and her blue dress showed pale and clear.

Fabricius of Ravenna rose. In the silence his belt clinked against the dragon on the arm of the chair.

Blue eyes met black eyes, Roman and Saxon gazed at

each other for a troubled second; then he took her in his arms.

"Ah, my lord, my lord!" sobbed Earl Redwald's daughter. Her head sank on his shoulder; he held her for a moment so, neither caressing her nor speaking, but she sobbed in her throat and shook greatly.

At last he set her in Augustine's chair and knelt beside her; she put her hands up over her face and turned her head away.

"Brice!" he said under his breath. "Brice!"

She turned and looked at him in a slow, terrified manner; her blue eyes were as wet flowers. . . .

The door opened roughly; Fabricius sprang lightly and instantly to his feet.

Cadwalla, Prince of Northumbria, came into the room, looking quickly from the man to the woman.

"My brother holds counsel with the King on your behalf, Prince," said the Roman, smiling. Brice sat quiet in her chair, breathing very quickly.

Cadwalla gazed at her; it was obvious that he had come after her. He was very young and hugely made; his hair, golden as Brice's locks, hung in two plaits to his waist after the manner of the Franks; his eyes were light, clear, and fierce; the blue and red of his garments were faded from travelling.

"And by God his grace you are a Christian now, Briton?" asked Fabricius.

[Continued on page 34

She rested her round elbows on the top of the desk.

CHRISTMAS THE TIME WHEN EVERYONE UNBENDS.

DRAWN BY C. H. TAFFS.



"For a price," answered Cadwalla. "Lo! shall I not forsake gods who forsake me? Let but your God serve me with men and horses, and him will I worship."

He put his great hand moodily to his dagger and cast his eyes on the ground.

"How easily these pagans leave their faith!" cried Fabricius. "By St. Honor, you would make no martyrs, Briton."

Cadwalla looked up.

"No; nor any slaves, Roman," he answered. "Ethelfrid of Mercia hath my kingdom-am to serve at his footstool or beg abroad? Because Thor hath turned not, if I may I will find a god greater than Thor." Brice, with the instinct that one man was contemptuous and the

other angry, broke in-

"The King hates Ethelfrid mightily. Lo! for he stole the little Princessand hath kept her in heathen ways."

· She rose, and Cadwalla's gaze was upon her; but Fabricius of Ravenna looked indifferently at the robin in the apple-boughs.

"Earl Redwald's daughter," said the Prince of Northumbria.

"Yes?" she said; and because he stared at her so boldly and fiercely, the colour fled from her cheeks.

"Art beautiful," said Cadwalla.

"Oh, no!" She shrank away. "Shouldst not be here-will go."

"Art afraid of me?" demanded Cadwalla, stepping towards her.

She crept swiftly round the white wall and to the door; with her fingers on the latch she answered humbly:

"No, but will go now."

The door closed on the flutter of her blue gown. Fabricius looked round.

"By St. Honor, you are a rough wooer, Briton."

Cadwalla folded his arms and lifted his fresh-coloured young face.

"Kings and princes do not woo, Roman," he said haughtily.

"In Britain," added Fabricius.

She moved slowly across the floor.

The Prince of Northumbria fingered the gold bracelet on his

"The damsel is beautiful," he said, and raised his eyes, keen and bright as steel. "Will make her Queen of Northumbria."

"You move quickly, Briton," answered Fabricius, and his short lip curled. "Hast been in

Kent but two weeks."

"Will have it in the treaties, certainly," said Cadwalla. "Will honour them through this Kentish maid."

Fabricius spoke softly: "And Brice?"

Cadwalla of Northum-

"What of her?" he demanded.

"If she should not care, even greatly, to take thy crown?'

Cadwalla's eyes blazed; his look bespoke hate of the Roman and scorn of his mission.

"Art not my councillor, no, nor my friend nor my equal, Roman."

He swept up to the desk, the steel links of his corselet rattling.

"Nor am ever like to be," said Fabricius lazily.

"Keep thy speech till I command it," flashed Cadwalla. "I came not for help to thee!"

Fabricius turned swiftly to face him.

"Now by the Virgin, I take no high words from thy kind, proud pagan," he said, and his dark face was flushed. "Nor do I brawl like a Frankish boor."

The Prince of Northumbria hesitated a moment, then fell back a step and turned on his heel, leaving the room in an angry, still silence.

When he was alone Fabricius came forward into the room impetuously, and his dark brows frowned. The sun had faded to its setting, and the room was full of dusky shadows. Fabricius went up to the desk, and taking one of the painter's rags, rubbed the portrait of Brice until it was a mere smear on the page, then fell to walking up and down the narrow room.

The shadows settled into dark, and still he paced to and fro; then the latch was timidly lifted, and Earl Redwald's daughter crept in, her eyes red with weeping.

He stood still at sight of her; she ran across the floor and fell at

"Save me!" she said faintly, and caught his hand and humbly kissed it. "He has asked for me-save me!" He raised her up.

"Should'st not have come," he whispered. "They will watch thee now, Brice."

"Save me! Save me!"

He fetched a quick breath.

"From him?" he asked. "He will make you a Queen, Brice."

"Hate him, mightily. Cannot go with him-cannot."

The shadows deepened with the sinking sun: Fabricius stood mute a moment, looking down into the dim oval of her face.

"Lo!" she said, speaking very quickly, "the King and Cadwalla march for Northumbria, even hastily-in three days or four; and before they go Cadwalla will be baptised and marry me. Lo! he hath but now spoken to my father, who rejoiceth, for he is a Prince, truthfully; but I---'

She stopped suddenly.

"But I love my lord," she said. Then she fell to her knees and

put her arm over her eyes. "Let my lord forgive me," she

murmured sobbing. "Brice, Brice!" He swung her on to her feet. "Shalt not gono! by St. Honor!"

"Footsteps!" she whispered suddenly.
He listened. "No one, certainly," he said, after a pause.

"Thought I heard one without," murmured Brice, trembling.

In that second's pause a number of things, painful and confusing, rose in the mind of Fabricius and shamed him. It was ever his habit to mock at himself, and sometimes, too, at others; his impulse dead, he scorned it; therefore, when he spoke, it was with a laugh.

"Brice" — he moved away from her towards Augustine's chair-" we are behaving even foolishly."

Cadwalla, Prince of Northumbria,

came into the room.

"Do not understand," she said, wide-eyed.

He thought her dimseen face seemed that of a child, and said in his heart, "What is she but a pagan maid, very simple?" Aloud he said, smiling-

"Oh, Brice, thou art not for me, but even for Cadwalla; he is of thy nation, thy manners, but

"But thee I love," she said, in a wondering manner.

Her very earnestness made him discredit her.

"Thou knowest not," he answered gently; he lifted his hand to his heart, and the rings on his fingers flashed dully. "Thou art very youngthou wilt be Queen of Northumbria."

He smiled again, and lifted his dark eyes from the arm of the chair to her face.

Earl Redwald's daughter stood silent a space, gazing at him. At length she spoke, with great breaths between her words.

"Do not care for me," she said, and her bosom heaved

"Brice!"—he used her name tenderly—"thou dost not understand." "Oh-understand": she answered; her head drooped.

She turned away from him. [Continued on page 38.



He looked up at her sharply.



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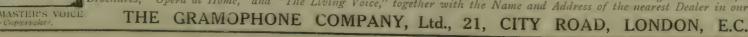
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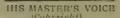


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"Cadwalla is a mighty Prince," said Fabricius. He moved from the chair, and as his dress caught the last light from the window, it glistened with shifting gold and bronze; a jewel that held his cloak at the round throat glittered with green fire. Brice looked over her shoulder.

"Lo!" she replied. "Perchance it is better that I take Cadwalla of Northumbria willingly; all desire it—my father, and the King, and thy brother—and

He was surprised and gratified at her quiet submission and the quickness of her decision, yet the mockery he could not repress in himself rose higher in his heart.

"Thou hast chosen wisely," he said. "It is the better thing for thee, verily."

"And you?" asked Earl Redwald's daughter. "And you?"

At the tone of her voice and the little half movement she made towards him, the colour rose in his face, and he felt the touch of passion spurning at his cold prudence.

But he was a Christian knight, and at times the thing lay heavy on him, as now, when he must reflect how he would embroil them all and bring scandal on his faith if he interfered between the maid and her kin.

"And I?" he answered steadily.
"I do what my honour and our Lady bid me do." He kissed the splendid crucifix hanging at his breast, and added under his breath: "Not, O Brice, what my heart desires"

"Have a cruel God," said Earl Redwald's daughter. She spoke evenly, almost coldly. "And I am fallen weary, suddenly—also they will search for me."

"Save me!" she said

faintly.

She moved to the door with a gentle sound of her gown on the stone floor, and he could find no fitting word to say of either gaiety or sadness. And while he strove to command some speech, she was gone and he alone in the dusk.

After a little, he Jaughed.

"Lo! she doth not care," he said to himself, and he left the chamber.

He passed the great hall, where they were busy preparing for

the feast to be held to-night in honour of the Prince of North-umbria, for the King had lately obtained the consent of the Witenagemote, and in a few days the armies of Kent would march against Mercia.

(RP)

The long tables were spread with a rude magnificence; silver Italy cast haloes of light on the painted beams of the ceiling, and doors, chairs, and walls were wreathheavy garlands of flowers-drooping poppies and daisies, boughs of late beech, yellow and golden, and the shining fruit

of the rose.

Serving-men were laying food from great osier baskets; a group of dogs, snapping at each other, followed at their heels.

Fabricius of Ravenna, thinking of great Byzantine feasts by the light of a thousand lamps, smiled with a courtly disdain as he passed to his chamber.

His window looked over the King's orchard and the town of Canterbury; and as he entered the room he saw the last of the sun as it sank in crimson behind the autumn woods of Kent.

He stared at the fading sky and the few paling clouds that drifted upwards into space. Great warmth and stillness were abroad, and a blue haze of smoke lay over the roofs of Canterbury.

Fabricius turned an idle gaze to where the site of the new wooden

church was to be, and where, even now, the commands of Augustine and the zeal of the converted King had levelled the ground, brought great logs from the forests, and gathered the workmen who were to build this temple in honour of the new God.

And in his heart he kept saying:

"She doth not care."

When the sun was a mere stain behind the dark tracery of the trees he turned to the room again, and sent his page to the King to excuse his presence at the feast; and when the boy returned he questioned him about Earl Redwald's daughter, and on hearing that she sat beside Cadwalla in fine garments and laughed, twisting vinc-leaves round his cup, the Roman said again in his heart, with an unreasoning touch of contempt—"She doth not care!"

The page lit the lamp in his very splendid chamber, and a yellow light fell over dark tapestries and golden objects, a crucifix, a statue of St. Honor, and his magnificent armour glittering on a purple couch.

"Close the window," said Fabricius, "for it bloweth cold." And as the page obeyed he saw great stormy night-clouds rising above the woods.

"It will rain," said Fabricius idly, and he yawned. They could hear the sounds of the feast rising faintly, the hurrying to and fro of the serving-men, the clatter of the goblets, the laughter and the song. Fabricius sat silent a little space, staring at the golden crucifix; a great weariness came over him: he lay down in his jewelled clothes and slept, with the distant murmur of the Saxon feast in his ears.

As suddenly he awoke, with a great sense that someone was

calling him; it was utterly dark, save for the little red lamp hanging under the crucifix, and utterly silent save for the heavy sound of rain without.

Fabricius sat up on the couch and listened, wondering at his sudden waking. In the sombre light he could discern his little page asleep on a cushion in the corner, and, dimly, all the familiar objects of the room.

Still utter silence, save the sweep of the rain. He rose softly, not wishing to rouse the boy, and went to the window; slowly and quietly he

Miles

The colour flid from her cheeks.

unboited the cumbrous shutters, and pushed them wide: the cold rain dashed in his face, and he stared on to a starless night; he waited, holding the shutters open, he listened—for what he could not have told, save that his heart was beating thickly.

He leant from his window and strove to pierce the utter blackness; [Continued on page 40.



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he thought the cry had come from the orchard below. . . . Bolting the window again, he turned into the room, picked up his sword from beside his armour, and took the lamp from before the crucifix. The sleeping page never stirred; steadily came the loud sound of the rain.

Fabricius went softly to the door and out upon the stairway; the lamp he carried cast waving haloes of pale-red light and dimly lit his way down the wooden

He came to the guest-hall, and pushing wide the open door, entered.

The air was heavy with the perfume of wine-soaked wood, and the heavy odour of mead; wreaths of dead flowers lay among the fallen goblets and disarranged benches -- evidently the feast was but just over. Swiftly he traversed the hall; he found the

door leading into the orchard open and unguarded; the rain was driving in over the floor and the fallen flowers.

Fabricius stepped into the orchard.

The tall wet grass encumbered his feet; the rain beat on his uncovered head, and the wind caused the lamp-flame to flicker fitfully.

Utter darkness save for that feeble red light, and utter silence save for the rush of the rain on the apple-leaves.

"Who called me?" asked Fabricius hoarsely. "Who called?" No answer, and he pursued his way, holding the lamp high: by

its light he could see the trunks of the trees, the beaten grass and flowers, looking strange and ghostly-but nothing else. He paused.

The lamp showed him the trunk of an appletree, a clump of yellowing grass studded with broken ox-eyed daisies and strewn with wet, bruised apples, and the straight line of the drenching rain; beyond, the dark.

He moved a step forward, stumbling, and his straining eyes saw come into the circle of the lamplight something blue and gold, an arm, white and bare. It was Brice, Earl Redwald's daughter.

He saw the wet, fallen apples about her feet, her white feet that were almost hidden in the sorrel and tangled grass.

"Brice-Brice! it is a wild night," muttered Fabricius, and knew not what he said.

Suspending the lamp by its golden chain, he looked at her.

In the faint light the gold of her hair glittered, and the green stones in her bracelet and the woven threads of his garments; and the rain beat down the dead apple-leaves upon them and dripped from his sleeves. "Oh, hast come, Roman," she said.





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"Ye called me!" The lamp shook in his hand.

"Nay"-she lifted her wild, rain-wet face-"my heart cried aloud, verily-yet you did not speak."

"Brice! Brice! What do you here?"

"Lo! fly from the King's court - will to the swineherd's wife in Thanet who was my nurse-this because hate Cadwalla, verily-after

the feast told him that—so am fled from him now-for he will kill me, certainly."

The palest glimmer of a watery dawn began to reveal the dripping apple-boughs; the Saxon looked at the Roman with undismayed eyes.

"After the feast went to the Queen's chapel to see if the new God had comfortthere came Cadwalla creeping-with a knife-a-ah! I would die - not Cadwalla's way-so fled."

"And ye called to me," repeated Fabricius.

"Nay, looked farewell to my lord's window, but was dumb." "Yet I heard thee."

Spangled with the pale, wet light of morning and the gold gleam of the lamp, she turned away through the rain, the Christian Knight staring after her.

"Ye must not go," he said hoarsely. It was his duty to take her back to her lordhis duty to his brother and her kin. It was his desire to go with her across the wet

woods of Kent; for now he could not say-"She doth not care!" And on which side lay his duty to his God? Her low, strained voice broke on his distraction.

"Lo! Cadwalla searcheth the dark! Even as the light comes will he discover me."

Fabricius took her round wet wrist. "Ye must not go," he repeated; this time he added-"alone." The rain was ceasing; the heavy grey clouds dispersed before the silver morning.

"He cometh," breathed Brice, staring through the apple-boughs.

"I shall kill him, certainly," answered the Roman. "Yea, though he is my brother's friend-and thy lord-presently I shall kill him-

Softly through the long, wet grass and daisies came Cadwalla of Northumbria, his yellow plaits swinging to his girdle; and when he saw the maid and the Knight facing him, he laughed. Fabricius hung the

lamp by its gold chain to the apple-bough and let go of Brice's hand. Their short swords were out and crossed. They did not speak.

And Earl Redwald's daughter leant against the apple-tree, waiting for love or death.

Fabricius thought how much this man's life meant to his brother — the cross in Mercia, the dominion of Rome in Britain.

The stout swords rose and clashed; Brice did not turn away or cry out. And presently Cadwalla of Northumbria fell backwards into the grass. The Roman laid his weapon down and went on his knees beside him.

"Know ye of any God or Spirit?" he asked. "Do ye believe in anything?"

Cadwalla's blue eyes stared up through the apple-leaves.

" In the sword," he answered, and died. The Christian Knight touched the crucifix at his breast.

"Requiem æternam dona ei,

Domine. Et lux perpetua luceat ei," he murmured. "Requiescat in pace. Amen." "Amen!" repeated Brice, and Fabricius rose.

He was an outcast now; he had slain the ally of Christendom; he knew his brother would curse him for it—he knew that Kent and Northumbria would be wroth, but as he turned towards the autumn woods with her cold hand on his arm, turned towards the sea and the long galley that should bear them homewards, he could not think his God was wroth.

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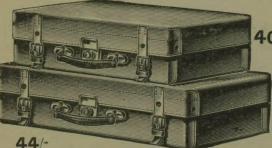
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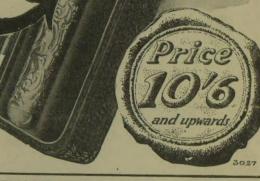
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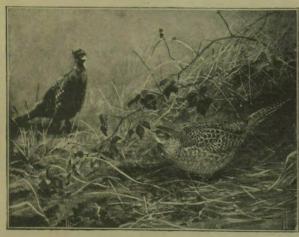


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